# THE COMMONWEAL

***A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.***

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# INAUGURAL

THE country looks forward to the inauguration of its new President. It is, we believe, likewise conscious that the event will mark a transition from older to newer and more problematic circumstances. A change is in the air, though one finds it very difficult to define. Nothing could be clearer than Mr. Hoover's allegiance to the conservative outlook and the social program of the Coolidge administration; and yet both outlook and program are likely to suffer profound alterations. For eight years the United States has reaped the harvest of world reconstruction. The capital piled up in a nation industrially organized to supply the wants of peoples incapitated by four years of conflict has earned a high rate of interest, and has seemed to establish as normal certain basically extraordinary theories of production and commercial activity. It is now gradually dawning upon us all that this period of garnering in is coming to an end, relatively speaking, and that certain new adaptations to circumstance must be sought. The international market is rapidly becoming the scene of fierce competition. Europe is working hard both industrially and politically. Latin America is confronting an opportunity to exercise economic choice. We are all growing conscious of the value of efficiency and of certain reasons why we are not efficient.

Who that watches the inaugural parade thoughtfully can doubt that the spectators are expecting of the new President a very great achievement—nothing less than the maintenance of a level of prosperity never before attained? Who can forget that the past eight years have brought about the extraordinary phenomenon of great fortunes in number having been earned simultaneously with very high wages? Mr. Hoover is a resolute, industrious, skilful man. He goes about his work soberly and practically. He knows as well as anybody else that the issue depends primarily upon three things: the stability of international trade and political relations; the remedying of the nation's own inefficiencies; and the continuance of public good-will. And we suppose that he realizes fully that all three can be achieved only if the citizenry thinks of them directly, for their own sake, rather than of prosperity for its own sake. Selfish materialism will ruin everything. Wise devotion to the separate obligations can accomplish much.

Take, for instance, the matter of public good-will. It has grown appallingly evident that during the indus-


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trialization process the country has been divided, as never before, by various kinds of caste feeling. The rural sections have deepened their resentment of the city; the West has grown more distinct from the East. More particularly the immigrant populations absorbed in order to make our economic advance possible at all, have invited from comparatively "native" groups —often the real profiteers by opportunity and labor— a species of hostility which is genuinely ominous. It is asserted by those who know that the idea of putting an end to all immigration may be transformed into actual fact. Recently Catholic citizens have perforce become aware that, partly because of the association between the Church and immigrant groups and partly for other reasons, they are the targets for a campaign of abuse and denigration branded as villainous by all American experience. If these varied differences, already characterized by passionate feeling, are intensified during the coming years, who shall say what the end may be?

In offering our prayer in common with the petitions of our fellows for the success of Mr. Hoover's efforts and for the preservation of all that is best in the national life, we cannot avoid the knowledge that, among the tasks confronting any great American leader of the present and immediate future, none is more important than this: to uphold by example, speech and every other possible means the ideal of freedom, of sovereign equality among citizens, of common joy in the performance of corporate duty, without which the "government of the people under God" must eventually decline into a pantomime of barbarism embroiled. We know that Mr. Hoover is not the man to shirk such an obligation. We hope that he will meet it frankly and at any cost.

## WEEK BY WEEK

WHAT may actually be the swan song of Senator James B. Reed, of Missouri, who leaves his seat on March 4 after eighteen years of service, was heard in the chamber with feelings ranging from hearty acquiescence to alarmed disapproval. The former member of "the wilful twelve" did not use American isolation as his theme. Instead he chose the ubiquitous subject of prohibition. Naturally he did not bring forward any new arguments against the Eighteenth Amendment—it is next to impossible to do that—but at least he voiced a threat which a great many people in this country, whether dry or wet, would sincerely like to see put into execution. It is in the legislatures of the national and state capitols that there has occurred the finest flowering of the hypocrisy fostered by prohibition. If Mr. Reed has it in his power to label as wet in practice those lawmakers who are consistently voting at the dictation of the dry elements, and will name them, he will do the country a distinct service. His objection to the Jones bill, which seeks to increase the maximum penalties for the violation of the dry law was one of the most scathing denunciations of the Anti-saloon League ever sounded. The American people might do well to consider that "to save the drunkard" they have adopted a method which has sent new hordes of men to the penitentiary. If they are to be consistent, there should spring up leagues and societies aimed at saving the poor bootlegger and the bootlegger's family from his own weakness.

Swan Song in the Senate

THIS is the year of Catholic Emancipation centennial rejoicing in Great Britain, and we hope later on to concur in it as fittingly as we can. Meanwhile, there is much worth pondering in the following paragraph from the joint pastoral letter of the English bishops: "Emancipation was the beginning of the disavowal of a very black period in our history, a tacit recantation of many a cherished libel. The looking back with fresh vision, the rereading in new light of the history of three hundred years, which then began has not ceased. Under the guidance of historians who look for facts and are not content with the repetition of theories, many a long-accepted statement is seen to be false, and the true perspective of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century is gradually being brought to the knowledge of those who read and think. The political emancipation of Catholics has surely been the beginning of the mental emancipation of many Protestants, too, by leading them to see things as they really are." What a storehouse of truth and falsity history is! During centuries men have twisted the thread of events into such intellectual patterns as have been most attractive to them; and today much of the same kind of weaving, by rationalistic or fanciful fingers, is in progress. Nevertheless the scientific historian, characterized by a scrupulous regard for facts, is challenging a host of guesses and routing battalions of arbitrary errors. And the English bishops are profoundly right when they see in him an exemplary servant of the Church.

Catholic Emancipation

SECRETARY JARDINE'S anonuncement that he would retire on March 4 was disconcerting to those political correspondents and prognosticators who have been busy for the last two months putting men in and taking men out of Mr. Hoover's Cabinet. For Mr. Jardine was the holder of one of the highest and most certain place-averages. Though exceeding him in frequency of mention, Colonel William J. Donovan has provided a much more protracted game for the writers. He was a certainty at the time Mr. Hoover returned from South America, because Mr. Hoover would find it politically expedient to have a Catholic in his Cabinet. Howls of protest came immediately and simultaneously from many elements at such a recognition of Catholicism. So

The Game of In and Out

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Colonel Donovan was eliminated for the time being—only to recur time and again. Meanwhile not a ripple disturbs the surface of American Catholicity. The appointment of Colonel Donovan is neither demanded nor expected as a palliative. American Catholicity has never asked that it be given recognition by the appointment of a Catholic to office merely because he is a Catholic; what it has sought and fought for is the removal of any religious bar to office. The position is clear-cut and should need no explaining. We can trust the President-elect to pick a Cabinet that will be composed of the right men for the tasks they must individually and collectively undertake; and in his choice there need be no regard for religious affiliations.

THE formation of the American Association of Legal Authors, which will work with the press of the nation for the enlightenment of the layman in legal matters, and will attempt to bring about greater accuracy in the published accounts of trials and legal controversies, should prove to be an interesting experiment. The members of the advisory council and the directors of the organization are a guarantee that the plan will be carried on with great possibilities of success. The essential idea, of course, is not new. But the development of it, as listed among the special objects of the body, is far more extensive and universal than anything yet undertaken. Knowledge of the law, apart from what may be called a practising knowledge, has come to have a great value to people in many diverse walks of life. The average citizen is more likely today than ever before to find himself involved at some period in legal action. As a logical sequent to this fact, the Association will further the dissemination of accurate information concerning the laws which most nearly affect the daily life of the citizen. It is commendable, too, in its avowed purpose to "discourage and oppose in the newspapers and the periodical press, sensational, exaggerated, misleading or inaccurate accounts of trials, crimes, court proceedings." This task, difficult as it may be, will be easier than that of discouraging and opposing any "items subjecting the law, the judiciary or the legal profession, or the principles upon which our constitution and laws are founded, to ridicule, contempt or reproach." Nevertheless the ideal merits attainment.

Lawyers as Instructors and Writers

PRIVATE tragedies sometimes have a genuinely representative significance. The death of Edward L. Doheny, jr., following a shot fired by a trusted secretary who had apparently lost his reason quite suddenly, reminds us all that there is no barrier against unpredictable accidents which destroy our dreams and hopes in the twinkling of an eye. To the father of this only son the occurrence must seem an infinitely sad climax to a series of well-known misfortunes. The key to the real meaning of the "oil scandals" was in the hands of the man now dead. It was he who delivered to Mr. Fall that sum of money which attorneys for the United States strove to prove a bribe. From the Doheny point of view that $100,000 had constituted merely a friendly loan, designed to help a neighbor over a rough place in the road. Much time has passed since the debate, and it now seems utterly incredible that a financier noted all his life for honest business conduct and private generosity should have stooped to perform a disreputable and treasonable act. Possibly the sympathy of the American public, so quick to follow the news of a great sorrow, will now permit the growth of a more favorable attitude to the elder Doheny than has hitherto prevailed in this country.

Significant Sorrow

IT WOULD take an expert psychoanalist to explain satisfactorily the workings of a mind which, in its opposition to the vivisection of dogs, clamors that homo sapiens be used instead for experimental purposes. Assemblyman Edward L. Vaugn has introduced just such an idea into an anti-vivisection bill brought before the New York State Assembly. "We hear a lot about the abolishment of capital punishment," he said. "Wouldn't it be a good idea to turn over murderers to you (the surgeons) instead of putting them in the electric chair?" Such a gruesome question should have met with a pointed and vigorous negative. Instead Dr. Horatio Williams of the medical department of Columbia University, to whom the query was put, replied: "I'm not certain we would like to do that. The doctor is not an executioner." Of course the medical profession entertains no uncertainty about the idea and Dr. Williams's evasion (if the press account is to be believed) gives, however unintentionally, strength to the anti-vivisectionist accusation that experiments on living subjects either proceed from or produce actual cruelty in the research worker. However, if the Assemblyman's bill meets approval in anti-vivisection ranks, the accusation will be far more applicable to those who disregard the enormous good done for mankind by such experimentation, and who consider solely the pain that may possibly be inflicted on dumb animals.

The Cruelty of Sentimentalists

THE complete elimination of advertising signs and billboards from American countrysides will always be more an ideal than an attainable goal. In this age of exploitation it is almost too much to hope that beauty will ever completely prevail over commercialism. Yet a public bent on recreation is becoming increasingly indignant over the multiplicity of blatant appeals to its purse which—aside from the practical objection that they often add to motor hazards—mar the loveliest landscapes in too many

Eliminating the Billboard

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places. The Bureau of Public Roads of the Department of Agriculture has just announced that only seven states are now without regulations governing commercial advertising signs along public highways. These regulations, however, are aimed more at the practical side of the problem than at the aesthetic. On the other hand, protests from women's clubs in New England have had an appreciable effect on billboard removals. Yet it is too true that legislative bans and organized indignation of social or civic groups cannot meet the situation completely. Only the advertisers, who happily may be reached by preponderant public disapproval, can provide a panacea. Belief that the unsightly billboard must go has been expressed repeatedly. It is to be hoped that this view will eventually prevail among those who alone are responsible for their continuation.

Grand Teton National Park

ANYONE who has emerged from the flower-spread ridges of the Washakie forests to see the glistening pinnacles of the Teton Mountains rising in sheer beauty from the calm waters of Jackson Lake, will be delighted to know that the Senate has passed a bill establishing this vast area as a national park. Twenty miles to the north lies the southern boundary of Yellowstone National Park, and the Washakies and the Teton forests to the west are under government jurisdiction. The area comprising the Grand Teton Range will bring the national preserve, exclusive of Yellowstone, close to a hundred thousand acres. Such an acquisition is quite in line with the happy policy of preserving their natural beauties for the American people. At present the Teton lands are very little removed from their primitive state. That section known as the Jackson Hole country has been so wild that it became notorious as the last resort of desperadoes. Outlaws entrenched themselves in the mountain fastnesses, and law and order has but recently extended its arm to remove their security. Rich in story, haunting in its beauty, unspoiled in its naturalness, the new reserve will be an admirable addition to the public parks system and will provide pleasure for new thousands.

Belgians Never Shall Be Slaves

INDUSTRIES in the Belgian Congo being sadly in need of workers, and the natives of that region (from an official point of view) being sadly in need of work, the government is exercising its paternal duties to bring the two together. The number of concessions to exploiting companies has been increased greatly in recent years, and all of these companies need laborers; at the same time "gifts" are failing to interest the tribal chiefs. In this situation, the Labor Consultation Committee recommends that natives be brought to the work camps "in spite of themselves." The first protest to be heard against this is contained in a note signed by the bishops of the Congo, which points out that such methods not only ruin family life and retard education but hurt the government itself by engendering a general suspicion of everything connected with officialdom. The note concludes: "The Catholic ecclesiastical chiefs of the Belgian Congo, conscious of their obligations before the peoples whose evangelization has been confided to them, feel obliged to lift their voices in protest against this exaggerated and abusive recruitment of man power." It is mild language to describe a revival of the institution of slavery.

It Snows in Rome

IT HAS snowed twice in one week, say the reports from Rome, and the urchins who romp on the steps of the Ara Coeli must think that more than usual attention is being given to prayers. We are reminded by the correspondent of the London Tablet that, according to an ancient tradition, a snow day is likewise a holiday for all clerical students. But the roofs or the streets must have remained at least partly white. It is said that the venerable rector of the English College once had to walk to the top of the building in order to verify a report that some snow was actually clinging to the turrets and chimneys. Meanwhile Signor Mussolini has, as might have been expected, taken advantage of the situation. A decision that future clerical appointments in government offices will be made with a view to giving the married man the benefit of every possible doubt was reached by the Cabinet at the very moment that the air was filled with flurries. Thus, one may say, has the bachelor been left out in the cold. But the same Cabinet issued two declarations which may be applauded warmly. The first stipulates that, in letting flats and houses, the preference must be given to married tenants with children. The second ordains that married women who work must abstain from toil for a month before, and a month after, childbirth. Fascismo is often very wise, socially speaking.

The Senate's Microbe Hunt

IF THE proposed national institute of health, which Senator Ransdell discussed the other morning to the commendation of his colleagues Copeland and David Walsh, were to be conducted entirely by physicians we should regard it with favor because of its purpose, but with nothing like the hope aroused by the plan to make of it a coöperative organization in which specialists in every branch of science will work (theoretically at least) in unison. Too many cooks may spoil the broth, but no one objects to a full platoon of chefs so long as the expert in salads confines himself to the salad, and the roaster of pheasants does not try to prepare the hors d'oeuvres. Medicine, surgery, chemistry, physics, biology, bacteriology, pharmacy, and so forth (it reads like a list of the professions called to the bedside of King George) will be represented in the institute,

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and Senator Ransdell "confidently believes" that its efforts will not be haphazard or scattered, or even influenced by the personal fetishes of the workers, but that a "concentrated, united effort" may be directed against one disease at a time. This seems to be too perfect. Have we not had proof enough that scientists, even as musicians, are subject to the vagaries of temperament? We suggest an additional clause for Senate Bill 4518—that the personnel of the institute be changed as often as a new study is taken up, so that the man whose researches in pneumonia are the poetry of his life be not forced to engage in the prosaic inquiry of cancer.

FEW modern narratives could have a greater significance than the life story of Alfred Krupp. During the long years of war we thought of this man primarily as a manufacturer of armament—as one who could turn out 42-centimeter cannons without more ado than would have been involved in Thoreau's producing a whistle. Yet it is only since peace returned that the full meaning of the Krupp idea has been revealed. Upon these factories the majority of German workers depended for their daily bread; and if they had failed to keep on working, a revolution of incalculable magnitude would have overwhelmed western Europe. To a great extent the circumstance that they did not close down must be attributed to the skill with which their financial affairs were conducted. Throughout the period of inflation, they dispensed paper money to their employees and did their own banking in foreign currency. The moral rightness of this action is open to question, indeed; but though thousands of common people were impoverished, and though the savings of a lifetime were stripped from aging people no longer able to work, industry did salvage the nation from imminent disaster and, perhaps, stave off the downfall of Europe. Wilhelm Berdrow's biography of Herr Krupp is, therefore, a document of world-wide interest.

German Industry's Romance

WE DO not know to what institute or order Father Schebesta belongs, for the news despatch from Antwerp which reported his departure for the Belgian Congo made no reference to his affiliations. But we believe that the mission on which he has started promises to disclose things at least as marvelous as the studies of any more widely publicized expeditions, whether to the Arctic or to Manchuria. And perhaps as profitable for those of us who stay at home. Where others head for the penguins and the frozen mastodon, Father Schebesta is for pigmies. He has no impressive caravan and no airplane, but he has already accomplished something, if no more than to convince lazy thinkers that pigmies actually exist. Of course we have read Dean Swift, and we remember the little men in pantaloons who beguiled Rip Van Winkle, and we know that some of the very ancient historians wrote of dwarfed peoples who lived in Ethiopia near the sources of the Nile. But that these have their living counterparts today, even though in a remote district (the name of which we do not give, since it cannot be pronounced) is news to many of us. Father Schebesta is an ethnologist, according to the Antwerp correspondent, so that his work among them will not be entirely of a missionary character.

Seeking the Little Men

COMPETITION for the passenger trade in the north Atlantic is becoming so intense that a few years more will surely see boat crossings made in less time than the Graf Zeppelin required for its passage. The Cunard line has installed new machinery in the famous Mauretania, the North German Lloyd is completing two ships designed expressly for the purpose of making new records, and the French line has announced plans for one of 60,000 tons which is expected to develop a speed of approximately 28 knots. Among Americans, the Chapman Company, if successful in its bid for the United States line, will build two ships of the Leviathan class; while under its management that historic vessel may herself do surprising things, for it is well known that the shipping board has not allowed her to be pressed. And it is rumored that another shipping firm is interested in establishing a line which, with an American terminal on Montauk Point, or at New London, Connecticut, which possesses a splendid and beautiful harbor, will obviate the present necessity of a journey along the reaches of Long Island and make possible a crossing in four days, or a few hours less. All this is an exciting prospect, and we have no quarrel with it so long as it does not mean the disappearance of the more leisurely boats which many travelers prefer. It is not a hardship but a pleasure for them to spend ten or fourteen days on the water, and they will be happier if allowed to retain the illusion that the Atlantic is still an ocean.

The Diminishing Atlantic

## ACADEMIA TRANSFIGURED

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN reports that his latest declaration, which summarizes the "third stage of the theory of relativity," is probably not understandable to more than a dozen people. Having read it with some patience we are inclined to believe that, in this instance at least, he is the very voice and accent of truth. The Anglican bishop who remarked a year ago that science ought to pause for a while in order to give the rest of us a chance to catch up appeals to us strongly. There are now so many departments of human learning which cannot address a democratic audience that the basic problem involved is not so much educating the masses as giving the leaders an opportunity to confer. Mr. Leacock once advocated a university without professors. Has the time come to

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campaign for that equally desirable enterprise, a university without students?

A learned friend of ours, now dead, once wrote an eloquent plea for just this kind of institution. He buttressed his argument with so many quotations, allusions and enormous words that it is doubtful whether it was not almost as obscure as the doctrine of relativity. But he did point out a number of plain facts which have the rugged stubbornness of their kind. First of all, learning is in need of several helps which can be secured only by laborious coöperative effort. We ought to have, for instance, a bibliographical encyclopedia, in which the titles would be followed by a careful and exhaustive discussion of the books relating to each. Only in this way could a reader be sure of the merits of works he consults as authoritative. Again, who does not know that history (whether it be social or literary) has now produced so many special monographs that the task of making even a fairly accurate synthesis of them is far beyond the power of any individual? And yet we go ahead teaching syntheses to crowds of students, filling their minds with substances which the doctors themselves have no faith in. Lecturers settle dozens of questions for their audiences without, for the most part, nourishing themselves upon more than a convenient compendium. Journalists—we ourselves—write with an eye upon references which seem reliable, but which actually carry only a slight guarantee.

Imagine an institution in which the members, selected for their fitness, represented the differing branches of study and inquiry. They might be obliged to address each other at stated intervals, which would not only have a stimulating effect upon the art of lecturing but might, eventually, produce the kind of university for which Newman made so eloquent a plea. It would be required of them to attend a specified number of conferences elsewhere, at least some of them held in foreign countries. Finally, their efficiency would be judged by the critical control they could exercise over that more watered learning which trickles down to the common man. Imagine what would happen to cursory impressions of evolution or race theory under the frown which so august a body would apply to pretentious ignorance!

Singularly enough, the Catholic Church is almost the only society which has ever created such an institution. It was during centuries the ideal of Benedictine culture, and is at present reflected in the Biblical Commission, now engaged in revising the Vulgate, and in the Institut Biblique at Jerusalem. Though circumstances in the United States have thrown the whole emphasis upon pedagogy, the need for the selfsame old ideal grows more apparent every day. Our competent students are wofully scattered, and even yearly conferences between them are out of the question. The Catholic population is so situated socially that fertile contact between it and the thinking leaders is impossible. As a result we do not know what everything is all about. We cannot keep abreast of Europe or of our fellow-men. A certain provincialism attaches itself to our best endeavors. And from a practical point of view, who does not see that a thorough study of American civilization, a marshaling and sifting of the country's cultural phenomena, would be of invaluable assistance?

A university without students would be expensive, but not more so than a university with mobs of students. As a matter of fact you could make a fruitful start with an endowment of $1,000,000 and an annual expenditure of $50,000. The heaviest expense would be in man-power, which cannot easily be shifted, as things are now, from the educational routine. But—who knows?—the sacrifice might be worth making.

## TEETH IN THE KELLOGG PACT

ALTHOUGH the arms embargo resolutions introduced by Senator Capper and Representative Porter were received enthusiastically enough both here and abroad, it is improbable that either will be adopted in its present form. Each has a grave parliamentary weakness, for each makes the President solely responsible for deciding when a nation is to be denied the very excellent munitions produced in this country. Such concentration of authority is neither safe enough nor democratic enough to appeal strongly to a legislative body which likes to be flattered, conservative and free of autocracy's merest shadow.

When some concessions have been made to Congress, it is likely that one or the other of the resolutions will be passed. Meanwhile they have already served a purpose. The response to them, indicating how willingly the public will have teeth put into the Kellogg pact, has considerably lightened the atmosphere. It has let us see how much pretense there was in our erstwhile distaste for the methods of the League of Nations. It has made us realize that the United States is already an official member, or (if member is too abhorrent a word) partner of the League. Hair-splitting aside, the pact itself, without strengthening resolutions, was an endorsement of the central policy and system of the League. We could not be humble before the machinery of Geneva, but we could say to the ministries and legislatures of the nations: "Come, let us consent together." Thus we saved our face.

Of course we have been moving in this direction for seven or eight years. The "logic" of Mr. Hughes in 1921 was more than a little reminiscent of the "fallacy" of Mr. Wilson in 1918. The Five-Power naval treaty of 1922 was in line with a League declaration that the maintenance of peace requires "reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety." The Four-Power treaty of the same year was adopted despite its hearty similarity, in language and purpose, to the tenth article of that covenant which members of the League had shamelessly subscribed to. In 1926 we joined the World Court,

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and in 1928 we circulated a multilateral treaty binding ourselves and all others to remain at peace, except when disciplinary measures might be necessary in the interests of world order.

After this, the resolutions recently offered Congress are simply the finishing touches to a policy which has already been formulated and applied. Those who believe that the passage of either resolution will be a tremendous concession to the League of Nations are seeing trivialities. True, a suspicion that in refusing arms to violators of the Covenant they were cutting their own throats to no purpose has been reflected time and again in the speeches of delegates at Geneva, and it is with considerable relief that they see th United States moving, however hesitantly, toward a gentlemen's agreement. It is important, of course, to allay fears that in case of war the United States might hog all the profits by supplying munitions to aggressor and aggrieved alike, while European factories were being nobly idle. But it is not so important as the concessions we have already made.

The foundation stone of our private edifice of peace, our Borah-Harding-Hughes-Coolidge-Kellogg League of Nations, is the limitation treaty of 1922, and we must see that it is kept in place. Constant vigilance will be required, sweet phrases notwithstanding, for of all agreements it is the one most in danger. Since 1923 the powers have been earnestly competing in ships which the treaty did not cover. If buying power is considered, their expenditures for armaments have increased every year since then. Any table which is based on a constant price unit will show that, since 1924, expenditures for armaments have been increased 18 percent by Great Britain, 28 percent by Japan, and 5 percent by the United States. Unless such programs are brought to a halt in 1931, unless public opinion demands, clamors, for such a halt in the intervening time, another five years may see the agreement scrapped entirely, although without it the World Court is hypocrisy and the Kellogg pact a sham.

## SIR BERTRAM WINDLE

WE DEEPLY regret the obligation to record the death of Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, who passed to his reward on February 14. From the very beginning of The Commonweal he had been a counselor and friend, respected not merely for his scientific authority but also for the wide and tolerant interest which he displayed in all the departments of our effort. During the past year he suffered much from the effects of a stroke which had forced him to realize that, in spite of the abiding youthfulness of his spirit, he had arrived at a goodly old age. But he continued to write until almost the very end; and only last week we heard from him regarding an important manuscript he expected to finish shortly. His loss is, of course, a particularly severe blow to St. Michael's College, of the University of Toronto, where he lectured during recent years. Interested always in the progress of academic life, he was an enthusiastic sponsor of the plan to establish at St. Michael's an "institute" of scholastic philosophy to which the foremost authorities would be invited. Nor did he neglect to concern himself with the educational and cultural effort of Canada as a whole—an effort original in many ways and quite exemplary in its general drift.

Sir Bertram was a convert to the Catholic faith. Born in 1858, he studied medicine at Dublin University and earned several advanced degrees. Academic life was eminently attractive to him, and after a professorship in Birmingham University he went to Cork and became president of Queen's College there. His earlier books, of which the Proportions of the Human Body, and The Romans in Britain, are possibly the best known, illustrated his scholarly research in anatomy and archaeology. Hence, when Sir Bertram came into the Catholic Church, in 1883, his act had an apologetic significance. At the very height of the attack upon revealed religion in the name of evolutionary science, he had decided for religion and for the oldest and most conservative spiritual authority. His own solution of the scientific problem is stated in The Church and Science, which, though published during the war, immediately attracted widespread attention. After going to Toronto, Sir Bertram wrote almost innumerable papers on the relations between nature study and faith, the major conclusions expressed in which are summed up in his The Catholic Church and Its Reactions with Science, which forms one of the volumes in the Calvert Series.

He was a scholar of the old school, taking his major interests seriously but exemplifying in his mental life an almost encyclopedic curiosity. In this respect he was much like Gladstone or Morley; and his friends relished the flavor of those anecdotes and reminiscences which he had salvaged from a long and busy life. Few of his books reveal this side of Sir Bertram's character, but Who's Who of the Oxford Movement manages (in spite of its cut-and-dried title) to preserve fairly well the quality of his conversation. Inside the Catholic communion he was an impressive embodiment of that spirit which can be realized only by the educated layman—a spirit which is at once humble and free, practical and unworldly, earth-conscious and yet hungry for eternal bliss. He leaves an empty place difficult to fill; and though his life was generously measured out in ever so many respects, one regrets that it could not have been much longer. Men of his stamp are rare and exemplary. But, after all, he was at heart a Benedictine, both in his conception of life and in his realization that corporate effort rather than individual brilliance counts in the long run; and it is reassuring to pray and believe that the immemorial Benedictine motto—Pax—is now the watchword which the Lord God has bade him learn.

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# THE TALE OF A TILT

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

INCIDENTALLY to the change of administrations on March 4, Washington is being entertained by a battle between two multimillionaires, both high in official life, with the President-elect of the United States in the rôle of referee. The principals in this strange combat are the Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew W. Mellon, and the senior Senator from Michigan, James Couzens. It is not often that millionaires fall out in public; even less frequently is the subject of their disagreement the rôle which great wealth should play in the affairs of government. Consequently the current spectacle is unusually diverting to the observers.

As might be expected in this commercial age, there is a prize at stake. It is the Secretaryship of the Treasury. Mr. Mellon would like to retain that office in the incoming Cabinet; if he has no other reason for this very natural and praiseworthy desire, he would not like to relinquish it under fire. Senator Couzens has no personal yearnings toward this high Cabinet position; he will regard the prize as his if any other than Mr. Mellon is named by Mr. Hoover. The latter is in the traditional position of all referees: he cannot please everyone. His dilemma is particularly annoying in this instance because he has reason to feel grateful to both Senator Couzens and Secretary Mellon. The former was one of the earliest and most enthusiastic boosters for Mr. Hoover's nomination last year, and the latter is generally credited with having made that nomination certain at Kansas City by throwing the full weight of the Pennsylvania delegation to Mr. Hoover at the psychological moment, despite the fact that the turbulent Mr. Vare may have forced the Secretary's hand.

Of course it would be as unfair to the President-elect to assume that his Cabinet selections will be dictated by considerations of political expediency alone, as it would be stultifying to indulge in the assumption that such considerations will be wholly absent. It is a fact so obvious that it is customarily overlooked, that the currents of national politics run, for the most part, in the traditional middle ground between good and evil. Absolute black is almost as rare as pure white, and neither occurs frequently in nature's scheme of things. Therein is the chief difficulty in arbitrating the Mellon-Couzens battle. Much may be—and much more has been—said on both sides.

Probably the factor which is giving the President-elect more reason than any other for meditation on the hard life of an umpire is that both the Secretary of the Treasury and the Senator from Michigan are, indubitably, valuable, loyal and sincere public servants. If Mr. Mellon should not be reappointed his friends could find plausible grounds for a complaint that he had been rather shabbily treated, since it appears to be fairly well established that he would like to figure in the new Cabinet, for a short time at least. On the other hand, a reappointment for Mr. Mellon may well be construed as a repudiation of the charges made for five years by Senator Couzens—charges which culminated last spring when the Senator introduced a resolution in the Senate calling upon the Secretary to resign. Mr. Couzens has been unable to obtain a vote on this resolution because of the parliamentary wiles of administration leaders, but if Mr. Mellon should be renominated, his name would come before the Senate for confirmation and the Senator from Michigan could then force action.

The controversy has been going on for five years —so long that many have forgotten how it began. It began in 1924, soon after Senator Couzens had put through a resolution calling for a senatorial investigation of allegations of maladministration and possible corruption in the Bureau of Internal Revenue. The investigating committee uncovered many things which looked ugly in print—things too complicated and technical to be dealt with here. But the matter became more or less of a personal feud when, in March, 1925, about the time the committee began to unearth some rather unconventional happenings in the Bureau of Internal Revenue, the Bureau served notice on the Senator that he was subject to an additional assessment for back taxes amounting to between ten and eleven millions. The Bureau's claim was based on an alleged undervaluation of the stock of the Ford Motor Company as of March 1, 1913, which had resulted, it was charged, in Senator Couzens and other former stockholders in the Ford Company having made income tax payments in 1919 of about thirty million dollars less than was actually due the treasury department.

As to the government claim's merits, it may be noted that the Board of Tax Appeals has subsequently ruled that Senator Couzens actually paid the government nearly a million dollars more than was properly due, and that the excess has been returned to him. When the Bureau advanced its claim in 1925, Senator Couzens, quite naturally, charged that this was an attempt to intimidate him into abandoning his investigation. Quite naturally also, Mr. Mellon denied any such intent. It was argued that the claim had to be advanced at that time because, the tax payment having been made in 1919, the statute of limitations was about to run on the case, and immediate action was necessary to protect the interests of the government. This sounded plausible; but when the case finally reached the Board of Tax Appeals, it was shown from the Bureau's own records that, in 1922, a memoran-

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dum identical in substance with the one upon which the Bureau acted in 1925 had passed through the hands of thirty-two officials of the Bureau, and that sixty-three official approvals had been given to the valuation upon which the Senator had paid his 1919 tax. So much for the Couzens tax case; its legal and technical details might be of interest to those who find frivolity in the writings and abstruse theories of Mr. Einstein.

The personalities involved in this battle of the money kings are interesting both intrinsically and in contrast.

Mr. Mellon is the spirit of the established order incarnate, but without any traces of the Babbittry which so often characterizes its less eminent practitioners—in particular its neophytes. He inherited a considerable fortune, but the bulk of his present vast wealth he made himself. Those who know him well, even his political enemies, agree that his code of ethics is of the highest order. It is, to be sure, the code of the individualist of the old school, the school that taught that some are born to be rich and that wealth gives to its possessor the right to rule—to rule benevolently, but to rule. It was a school that had no place for the reformer, and its philosophy can be summed up in the Secretary's own words, spoken when he was testifying under oath before a committee of the Senate last March. Mr. Mellon was being questioned as to his knowledge of the famous Hays-Sinclair juggling act involving the use of Liberty bonds derived from the malodorous Continental Trading Company deal to make up the Republican campaign deficit of 1920. The Secretary had testified that he had refused to accept $50,000 in these bonds from Mr. Hays, when the latter had suggested that he keep the bonds and make a donation in like amount to the party treasury, but that he had made a donation of $50,000 of his own money. Senator Walsh of Montana asked Mr. Mellon if he had been incensed at Mr. Hays's proposition. Mr. Mellon replied:

> I do not know that I am of that temperament and I do not become incensed. If you take things in this world as they are, and according to your own conscience, I do not see that there is much use in getting incensed.

Mr. Mellon's private life is almost ascetic. It is his custom to walk to and from the Treasury, while most of his thousands of subordinates ride. On one notable occasion a sudden shower of rain caused him to hail a passing taxicab, and when he reached the Treasury he found that he had not enough money with him to pay his fare. So the third richest man in the world, under the watchful eye of a suspicious taxi driver, borrowed the sum from a colored messenger in the Department. A few days later, during a press conference, the Secretary sought to locate a memorandum which he had placed in one of his pockets. With perfect unconcern and entirely innocent of the interest he was arousing, he emptied pocket after pocket of currency in various denominations, until several thousand dollars was piled on his desk. Then he found the slip for which he was searching and calmly replaced the currency. Apparently he had determined not to be caught again without taxi fare.

Mr. Mellon's one recreation, aside from his daily walks, is travel, and he prefers to travel by boat. A few years ago he bought a yacht and went on an extended cruise, explaining naively that he wanted to find time to get acquainted with his own family. Probably his simple habits of life explain his ability, at the age of seventy-four, to perform duties that would be fatiguing to men of one-third his years. Yet he likes to surround himself with young men. His assistants in important executive positions are, on an average, the youngest in any of the executive departments. It has long been regarded as an open secret in Washington that it was one of this corps of "bright young men" who embroiled the Secretary with Senator Couzens. At any rate Mr. Mellon has not sought to evade responsibility in that connection, and he has continued to select young men for important positions in his Department.

In public the Secretary of the Treasury is one of the shyest of mortals. His attempts at public speech-making seem to cause him absolute physical pain. This is apparently only another manifestation of his craving to be left alone. When he was a Pittsburgh banker it was a rare visitor who was able to penetrate through the cordon of secretaries to see Mr. Mellon himself. But as Secretary of the Treasury, he conceives it to be his duty to see as many callers as the limitations of time permit. He is far more accessible than are the chiefs of numerous and petty bureaus in his own Department.

Senator Couzens shares one characteristic with the Secretary of the Treasury—he is not an accomplished public speaker and frankly admits it. Perhaps this is because the Senator from Michigan never addresses the Senate unless he has something of real importance to say—behavior that is positively heretical from a senatorial standpoint. It may be that it is simply lack of practice that prevents the Senator from being a spellbinder.

In all other respects the Senator is—outwardly, at least—the antithesis of the Secretary. It is quite easy to imagine the Senator's friends calling him "Jim," as they do with unanimity. But one would expect Mr. Mellon to be quite startled if he were hailed as "Andy."

If the reports, which are always so prolific as to the private affairs of rich men, are to be credited, Senator Couzens has solved the rich man's problem of preventing his business interests from dominating his entire life. His fortune, which is variously estimated at from twenty to fifty millions, is said to be invested entirely in sound, conservative securities which require no other attention than the services of a secretary to clip coupons and reinvest the surplus revenues in other

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securities of the same character. He enjoys his wealth instead of devoting all of his energies to taking care of it. The ever-present army of promotors who are always seeking to make rich men richer, receive scant welcome from the Senator. Why should he worry about schemes for making more money, when he has more now than he can ever spend in several protracted lifetimes?

Senator Couzens was not always rich; the basis of his fortune was an investment which he made in the stock of the Ford Motor Company, back in the days when it was the vogue for village wits to line the hitching rails and shout "Get a horse!" when a primitive automobile passed. Having come up from less affluent surroundings, the Senator does not give allegiance to the theory that wealth has a divine right to rule. He illustrated this when, in an attempt to induce the Senate to vote on his resolution calling for Mr. Mellon's resignation, he described his own attitude as

> a protest against a system of government administered under the domination of men of great wealth, a system that has been in force a number of years.
>
> It involves the widespread power of wealth in the hands of persons who use it improperly. The ramifications of this power are much more far-reaching than simply the administration of the Treasury Department. It involves the freedom of members of Congress, as I will hereinafter show. It involves the freedom of the press, as the records of the Treasury will show. It involves the whole people, not only the people who pay taxes.

Soon the referee must decide whether Senator Couzens's "protest against a system" is to be vindicated, or whether Mr. Mellon is to be justified in his inclination to "take things in this world as they are."

# WASHINGTON IN THE REMAKING

By ELIZABETH S. KITE

THE talent today directed toward an adequate observance of the 1932 bicentenary of the birth of George Washington has, as one of its chief avenues of expression, such a transformation of the nation's capital as will make it preëminently one of the world's "cities beautiful." This transformation, under way since 1901, will restore to the federal city the elegant and dignified lines designed for it in 1791 by the French artist and engineer, Pierre Charles L'Enfant, who was chosen by Washington for the work. Although the name of this Frenchman is daily being made more familiar to readers of the public press, only the haziest notions prevail regarding his connection with the plan of the national capital. Since the subject has now taken on an up-to-date significance, it will bear examination.

The very earliest records of land north of the Potomac and west of the Anacostia, or eastern branch, bear the date of 1663 and point to a first white proprietor of the name of Pope who, it is said, in order to fit his environment to his name, called his tract Rome, its chief eminence the Capitoline, and the stream which flowed at its base the Tiber. During the years that followed other proprietors came and went, and though the proud name of the Capitoline had been changed to Jenkin's Height, yet the story persisted; so that when Isaac Weld, jr., who visited the city in 1796, published his Travels, he noted that this tradition remained and was popularly taken as a prognostic of the future magnificence of the city which was destined to become the centre of a great empire—a "second Rome."

In substantiation of the tradition, one name still remains and may be seen on the L'Enfant plan of 1791 —that of the Tiber. It was the waters of this stream which L'Enfant counted on to beautify the city. He wrote Washington in his none too correct English,

> that it would supply water for a fall which, issuing from under the base of the Congress buildings, may there form a cascade forty feet heigh or more than one hundred waide, which would produce the most happy effect by rolling down to fill up the canall and discharge itself in the Potowmack, of which it would appear the main spring when seen through that grand and majestic avenue intersecting with the prospect from the palace [of the President] at a point where being seen from both I have designated as the proper for to erect a grand equestrian figure [actually the site of the Washington monument].

But alas for the visioned beauty of the Tiber as seen by L'Enfant! Its crystal waters have been for years lost to view in the dismal depths of a city sewer through which they reach the river unobserved, instead of spreading themselves, as L'Enfant designed they should, in broad sun-lit basins holding the sky in their bosom and reflecting the stately public buildings which should have bordered that "grand and majestic avenue" outlined by canals.

In contrast to the fate of the Tiber, however, is that of the height called Jenkin's, which soon became in fact, as well as in name, "Capitol Hill." It had barely escaped being preëmpted, however, for shortly before the congressional decision to create a federal district on the banks of the Potomac, Archbishop Carroll had been offered the site for Georgetown University. The proprietor, Daniel Carroll of Duddington, had recently married the Archbishop's niece. The offer was rejected on the ground that the height was "too far back in the woods."

L'Enfant, from the moment of his first reconnoiter, grasped the fitness of Jenkin's Height for the object

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he had in view. Although it was seen through a pouring rain and capped by a dense forest he noted that it stood there "like a pedestal waiting for a monument." He wrote to Washington:

> I am confident were all the wood cleared . . . no situation could stand in competition with this. Some might perhaps require less labor to render them agreeable, but after all assistance of arts none ever could be made so grand and all others would appear but of secondary nature.

In March, 1791, the work was begun; by August the plan was not only drawn but fitted with unerring skill and exactitude to the accidents of the ground it was to cover. Moreover L'Enfant had drawn the plan, to use his own words, "on such a scale as to leave room for that aggrandizement and embellishment which the increase of wealth of the nation will permit it to pursue at any period, however remote," and nothing for either use or beauty had been left out. In the words of a modern expert:

> L'Enfant planned a city with every adornment and every convenience then known to man. He provided for needs of recreation, of learning and of religion. . . . There were to be focal points . . . radial avenues, water effects and such disposition of public buildings as creates an ensemble in which every part bears organic relation to every other part.

Under these circumstances one is not surprised that George Washington, whose name it was already determined the city should bear, was delighted. Undoubtedly the federal city was one of the projects that lay nearest his heart. He wrote to a friend regarding L'Enfant:

> From my first knowledge of the gentleman's abilities . . . I have received him not only as a scientific man but as one . . . who for prosecuting public works and carrying them into effect (is) better qualified than anyone who has come within my knowledge.

Indeed, had there been no one else interested in the business but President Washington and the French engineer, the dream city might rapidly have materialized. But alas for human foresight and human anticipations! Suddenly other figures intrude themselves upon the scene: commissioners, proprietors, speculators. Instead of ordered progress, confusion worse confounded; instead of joy and delight, anger and disgust fill the scene. For three-quarters of a century the federal city was destined to remain one of "magnificent distances," a laughing-stock to the world. How did this all happen?

First as to the commissioners. This body, to be composed of three members, was created by an act of Congress in the last days of 1790 and in it was vested all legal authority for the district, the consent of two members being sufficient for the promulgation of any act. They were appointed by the President early in January. The two most prominent were Dr. David Stuart and Daniel Carroll of Rock Creek. The former was closely connected through marriage with the family of the President and the latter by blood through intermarriage with the two principal proprietors of the land on which the city was to be built. Of these two gentlemen, Notley Young and Daniel Carroll of Duddington, the latter was the more interested and the more interesting. On coming to his majority he had at once entered into possession of his estate owing to the death of his father, Charles Carroll of Carrollsburg, who was a first cousin to Charles Carroll the signer. Moreover he was doubly connected with Daniel Carroll the commissioner, being a nephew of his wife and having just married Ann Brent, his niece. In addition, Robert Brent, sr., of Acquia, Virginia, who had large interests in the quarries from which the stone for the new city was to be taken, was married to another sister of Daniel Carroll, the commissioner, and was therefore uncle to Mrs. Carroll; while Notley Young, the other large landowner, was a half-uncle of Duddington, for his second wife had married a sister of Ann. Thus it can be seen that more than ordinary interests bound this family group together.

The commissioners had not yet come together at the time of L'Enfant's entering upon his task. This was due to the fact that Daniel Carroll was still a member of Congress and therefore unable to act in the new capacity until relieved. This did not take place until August of that year. In the meantime, so keen was the interest taken by Washington in the plan of the federal city that L'Enfant made all his reports to, or conferred directly with, either the President or his Secretary of State, Thomas Jefferson. Nor did it occur to anyone to inform the temperamental French artist that he was really an employee of the commissioners with whom, when they came together, he must always consult. No sooner was the plan finished, no sooner were the first attempts made by L'Enfant to set the actual work going, than the inevitable conflict of wills began. Thus was created in August, 1791, the first great misunderstanding which was to result so seriously.

The second came in December of that year, and this time it was in connection with the youthful proprietor of Duddington Manor. This young man, anxious to be settled in a way suited to his new prospects, could not restrain his impatience but at once selected a site and set about building an imposing mansion, without regard to its possible interference with the plan. In laying out New Jersey Avenue from the capitol to the river—at that time designed to be the leading residential section—L'Enfant discovered that the walls of the newly rising structure protruded into the street. By the terms agreed upon in the deeds of cession, all buildings, etc., which interfered with the plan were to be torn down and the owners indemnified. Duddington defied L'Enfant and appealed to the President. An angry dispute followed in which

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Washington tried, though without success, to act the part of peace-maker. In the end the walls were ordered demolished. The commissioners countered by discharging the workmen. This was in January, 1792. L'Enfant had gone to Philadelphia to see to the engraving and publishing of the plan. Naturally he was very angry. The President was deeply disturbed and failed to grasp where the real cause of the trouble lay. There followed a period of interchange of letters and a personal interview between L'Enfant and the Secretary of State; through it all L'Enfant saw only one thing—that under such a system, confusion and misunderstandings would inevitably be perpetuated. He therefore decided that it would be useless for him to attempt to return to the task. When it was realized that nothing could move him from this decision, he received a curt note from Jefferson informing him that he was discharged. This was exactly one year after the date of his appointment.

For nearly a hundred years the city remained more like a straggling village than a nation's capital. Then came the great awakening brought about by the centenary of the removal to Washington of the seat of government. As a result of this, a committee of experts was appointed and unlimited means were put at their disposal for a study of all that the world had to offer in the way of effective, up-to-date city planning. It was this committee which, in 1901, returned a restatement of the L'Enfant plan as being incapable of improvement. It is upon this basis, therefore, that work is now progressing. Naturally mistakes exist which cannot be rectified. The Capitol, planned as the city's centre, now faces toward the section which has been least developed and many handsome buildings are ruined by their settings, but the plan can practically be entirely adapted.

And in the meantime L'Enfant, Revolutionary veteran and engineer, has not been forgotten. Through congressional appropriation his body, which had lain for more than three-quarters of a century in a private burying ground with only a graceful red cedar to mark the spot, has now been removed with fitting ceremony under military auspices and with the blessing of the Church, to a grave in Arlington, where it reposes with others of the nation's illustrious dead. In this connection it is fitting to recall that it was immediately owing to the intervention of Bishop O'Connell of Richmond, Virginia, then rector of the Catholic University, that this tardy honor was at last conferred upon him who first dreamed "the city beautiful." Nor must it be forgotten that foremost among those who arranged this splendid expression of a nation's gratitude were descendants of the old Catholic Digges family, who hold as one of their surest titles to honor the fact that, during the last ten years of his life, the distinguished but poverty-stricken L'Enfant was their welcome guest. It was in the home of William Dudley Digges that he breathed his last. We have here a marvelous instance of the working of the law of compensation. This same Mr. Digges was, through his mother, grand-nephew of Daniel Carroll the commissioner, and doubly cousin of him of Duddington, with both of whom L'Enfant's earlier course had been so entangled, and by both of whom he felt himself so deeply aggrieved.

And so, day by day, the development of the federal city continues along lines of the L'Enfant plan. Soon a noble monument to his memory will, it is confidently hoped, stand at the head of that "grand and majestic avenue" which, when it is completed, will extend past the Washington Monument and across the bridge to that quiet grave in the national cemetery at Arlington where his body now rests.

## *Two Spirituals*

### I

Jacob saw the angels climbing,
Climbing up and down,
On a stone his head reclining,
On the stony ground.
Jacob saw the snow-white angels,
Each one wore a starry crown,
Angels on that golden ladder
Climbing up and down.

O Father Abraham,
O Father Isaac,
O Father Jacob,
Raise me from the ground!

Jacob wrestled with the angel,
Wrestled all the night,
Made him tell his glad evangel
When the dawn was bright.
Though he was a shining spirit,
Jacob held him tight
Till he promised help for sinners
Wrestling in the night.

O Father Jacob,
O golden ladder,
O shining angel,
Let the dawn be bright!

### II

O Lord come down to sinners,
We are sinners all!
Seven times each morning
Into sin we fall,
Seven times each evening
We sin before the Lord,
Oh won't you chase the devil
With that flaming sword!

O Jesus won't you hear us,
We are sinners all!
Seven times and seventy
On your name we call.
Seventy times and seven
You save us with your word—
Oh see the devil running
From that flaming sword!

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

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# WHAT WERE THE MIDDLE-AGES?—I

By GEORGE LACOMBE

*Interest in the middle-ages is no longer what it was during the first glow of the Romantic movement, when any robber baron's castle was likely to inspire an epic or at least a poem. Scholars are digging out facts about the "Gothic centuries," and have restored at least the outlines of mediaeval thought. We have welcomed the present article as a careful and authoritative exposition of what has been accomplished, and as a sober indication of the goals to be attained. Part Two will follow next week and will give a detailed account of important contemporary studies.—The Editors.*

OUR spendthrift ancestors dissipated the modern inheritance: our art went with the renaissance, our spiritual unity and philosophical continuity with the Reform, the last vestige of the political concept called Christendom in the vortex of the French revolution. As with families, so with institutions; some are submerged by the folly of a forbear never to rise again, others are strengthened in reverses, chastened in poverty, spurred on to achievement by a sense of their lost estate. Humanly speaking, the rôle of the Catholic Church seemed ended at the close of the eighteenth century: its art, its institutions, its political conceptions, its doctrines, were ridiculed, despised and abandoned. Yet hardly had the new century dawned when the Christian family began to turn back to its tradition, to dream of its past estate, to plan a retrieval of its fortunes. Much as we may blame the Romantics for the disarray they worked in men's minds, it is to them we owe the revival of Romanesque and Gothic art and the interest in the middle-ages. Dilettante and artificial the movement may have been, but it gave an impulse to those studies which will yet enable us to pick up the broken threads of our tradition and to weave a newer and sounder Christendom.

The purpose of this paper, however, is not to treat of the revival of mediaeval studies in general. The scholars of the last century, actuated largely by ideas of national glory, have put us in possession of an enormous quantity of texts and studies which illustrate the economics, law, politics and arts of the middle-ages. These centuries are dark to those alone who refuse to see the light. We know how our ancestors lived, how they tilled the soil and bartered their wares, how they played and how they suffered. What was their faith, and what were their superstitions? Almost every scrap of literature in the vernacular has been published, but the thought of the best minds of the middle-ages has been left moldering in the libraries of Europe, or circulated in the miserable editions of the renaissance. This neglect is due to the contempt which the "new learning" heaped on the last of the scholastics (and not undeservedly) as well as to the idea obsessing men's minds that scholasticism is nothing but a priestly jargon in which philosophy is the mere servant of theology. There are men whose knowledge of the middle-ages is monumental, yet who judge its mental worth by the Wisdom of Sedrach or the Secret of Secrets. They have read Philip of Thaon, or the marvels of Prester John, but of Albertus Magnus or of Saint Thomas never a line. The literature that has come down to us from that epoch is mostly stupid or insipid, but it reflects the lay mind and it appealed to the uncultured classes. Educated people spoke Latin, the universal language. The university world was a world of clerics. Tonsured and robed were the students in law and medicine as well as in theology. That world after the twelfth century was not interested in the classics as was the renaissance, nor in science as is our own, but in metaphysics. Men wanted to solve the riddle of the universe by reason and not by the spectroscope and scalpel.

These truths have been very slow to penetrate the lay mind. The contempt of the renaissance for a decadent scholasticism has been passed on from generation to generation by a series of pontiffs who had no right to an opinion, for either they never read a treatise of scholastic philosophy or they were incapable of understanding what they read. The change has come in our own day, for mediaeval thought has awakened an international interest which is growing year by year.

I propose in this paper to give an account of the genesis and development of these studies on mediaeval thought, and from the start I wish to make it clear that in no sense do I intend to treat of the revival of Thomism, of the content of this philosophy, of the efforts to coördinate it with the discoveries of modern science and the wider concept we have of the universe. Being incompetent to speak as a philosopher, I limit myself to the historical aspects of the question.

Let us fix well in mind that the Summa of Saint Thomas merely marks a moment in the intellectual tradition of mankind. In it is encased the thought of Aristotle and of all Greece. This wisdom had come into the West by a series of translations of which our knowledge is still very hazy, in spite of the splendid work done by Professor Haskins of Harvard University. This thought was mulled over in the mind of Alexandrian, Jew and Arab. Coming up from Spain, from Sicily, across from Constantinople, this new learning first confronted the old patristic tradition in the newly founded University of Paris. It was greeted at first with enthusiasm, which later gave place to distrust and condemnation; the middle of the thirteenth century saw Albertus Magnus and Saint Thomas fuse Aristotle, Justinian and the Fathers into a work which synthesizes the wisdom of the moment.

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This, then, is the historical truth we wish to convey: scholasticism is not a new entity, save in its method of presentation; it is the common sense of the race, organized into a system by Aristotle, conquering in turn Syrian, Arab and Jew, leaping the gulf of the barbarian invasions, entering the West in the years which run from 1140 to 1250, encouraging the human intellect once more to put in order its conceptions of the universe. This is the very task that confronts scholasticism today.

It is evident that this tremendous movement did not begin and end in the mind of one man, even though he was a Saint Thomas. Hence one of the problems of our day has been to establish the literary background of the Summa. This has been and is a work of international endeavor. It has been possible to dissociate the elements which were fused in this synthesis; in a general way we see the contribution made by Greek thought, Christian tradition, Roman law. The translation of Aristotle's Logica Vetus and Logica Nova awakened a new curiosity in the human mind. The texts of the Fathers which circulated in collections of Sententiae or Flores were requisitioned and a world of new problems arose. In the twelfth century scholars commented on the sacred text and treated such questions as the Bible suggested. The manuscripts have preserved a whole series of this type, like the Quaestiones of Odo of Soissons and Robert of Melun. The process of systemization continued under the influence of Peter Lombard and the Parisian masters who, like Peter of Capua and Stephen Langton, organized the materials into works called Summae. With the opening years of the thirteenth century, the influence of Aristotle began to be felt. But the university closed its doors to the intruder in 1210. For fifty years he was looked at askance; yet slowly he made friends, slowly he took possession of men's minds; finally he triumphed in the synthesis of Albertus and of his disciple Saint Thomas.

This story is still largely in manuscript, written in crabbed characters, in a shorthand Latin, the deciphering of which is a discipline in itself. The manuscripts are scattered all over Europe from Poland to Lisbon, the richest collections being in Paris, the British Museum and the Vatican. The material work alone is tremendous: to gather the manuscripts, to assure their authenticity (for nothing was commoner for thirteenth- and fourteenth-century scribes than to attribute to the great names of preceding epochs the anonymous material which fell into their hands) to give each author his due little by little—for these mediaeval treatises know nothing of our modern methods of advertising. When Saint Thomas or his contemporaries quote an opinion, they never put it in the mouth of some illustrious professor of the faculty of Paris, but announce it with a dry "Quidam dixit." Yet "Quidam" is a figure in flesh and blood with a personal opinion of his own. To identify these "Quidams," to coordinate their opinions, to trace the various currents of thought which converged in Saint Thomas, to determine at what moment a given problem or a certain solution entered the Schools, who were the innovators, who broke fresh ground, who were the great figures in the eyes of their contemporaries, why Saint Thomas had an admiration for a Prepositinus or a William of Auxerre—are so many enticing problems, fascinating scholars and spurring them on to face the extraordinary and complex difficulties which their solutions entail.

The movement which is permitting us little by little to understand the intense intellectual life of the thirteenth century had its origin, strange to say, in two enterprises which were in no way interested in a revival of scholastic thought: the Histoire Littéraire de la France, and the Patrologia Latina of the Abbé Migne.

The Benedictines of St. Maur, in addition to their other gigantic literary projects, had proposed to give in chronological order a series of notices on the lives and works of all those who had written in or out of France during the whole course of its history. During the middle-ages Paris was the mind of Christendom; Paris thought for the world. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, hardly a master taught in a continental school who had not at some moment of his career come in contact with the great institution on the banks of the Seine. These men wrote of law, of medicine, of philosophy and theology—all in the Latin tongue. One by one they took their places in the niches prepared for them by the Benedictine savants. The Histoire Littéraire de la France is the history of mediaeval thought.

The Maurists had reached the twelfth century, and the twelfth volume, when their work was interrupted by the Revolution; but in 1807 the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres resumed the task, in which they have persevered through more than a century with ever-increasing success. The first of the collaborators furnished by the Académie had little experience in and less sympathy for ecclesiastical subjects, and so we are not surprised at the indifferent quality of their first volumes; the dilettante interest of the next generation considerably improved the quality of the notices. Today, under the editorship of M. Charles V. Langlois—with the collaboration of M. M. Paul Fournier, H. Omont and A. Thomas—the articles of the thirty-sixth volume, which deal with a group of Franciscan theologians of the fourteenth century, have attained a thoroughness and a mastery which it is more appropriate to imitate than to praise. Unfortunately these masters are veterans in the field of erudition, and when the moment comes for them to recite their "Nunc dimittis," one asks with anxiety whom the Académie can name to carry on, for they have no disciples in this particular discipline.

This work of the Académie has always been carried on with subsidies from the Institut and the French government. Entirely different is the history of that

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nineteenth-century rival of Plantin and Estienne—the young Abbé Migne, who arrived in Paris toward the end of 1833 with hardly a cent in his pocket, but with a head full of projects which he fulfilled in their almost extravagant vastness. That he founded l'Univers, later rendered famous by Veuillot, and was one of the greatest publicists of the time, is of little consequence compared with the tenacity and enterprise which permitted him to publish, from 1840 to 1855, the Patrologia Latina, which still remains the greatest corpus of mediaeval texts in existence. Not only did he gather together what the renaissance and the Maurists had printed of the Church writers from Tertullian to Innocent III, but the editions were enriched by introductions pillaged from the best scholars and commentators, and by tables which have been of the greatest aid in identifying citations in mediaeval writers. This does not mean that the Patrologia is perfect; but it is easier to criticize it than to improve it. Before the war the Austrian Academy began a Corpus Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum, but it is not unanimously conceded to be an improvement on Migne.

As already indicated, the greatest problem is one of authenticity. There is hardly a work written in the middle-ages that is not attributed to Saint Thomas by some manuscript or other. This work of clearing the ground has been going on steadily but surely. The Benedictines have done superb work in this field. Dom Morin is a name to conjure with. During the days of his great activity, the Revue Bénédictine either added or suppressed a work of Saint Augustine with each issue. Nor are we yet at the end. Only last month Dom Wilmart restored to their rightful owner, Raoul d'Escures, the Homilies attributed to Saint Anselm by all the editions. But for all that, the mass of material which remains in manuscript is so enormous that a new edition of Migne can well wait another century.

# THE INWARD DARKNESS

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THE Belgian village of Gheel may be described as a town of fools. For generations those who have suffered from maladies of the mind have come here—victims endowed with the infinite pathos of irresponsibility. Today one sees them going to and fro among the little houses of the place, listening to the bells in the church tower and submitting (with the vast patience of the insane) to the nursing of the resident villagers. A patron saint has been set aside especially for them, and it is believed that through her kindness many are restored to health. The pleasant homeliness of normal routine softens the impress of suffering and may fill in a little of the ghastly emptiness. It is an old-fashioned therapeutic, very likely unique, which seems to belong to folk-lore rather than to veracious history. Most of us associate the insane with institutions, and then make these symbolize unfathomable misery. Perhaps nothing else in modern life appears to be so starkly stripped of all humanity and grace as the hospitals which give shelter to those who dwell in the inward darkness. What are they, we think, but mausoleums for the mad?

Recently I was invited to go through an up-to-date hospital for the treatment of mental diseases; and (barring the limitations which being a mere layman imposes) it proved impossible to keep from being almost literally overwhelmed by the tremendous energy which modern science is evidently devoting to the problem. Nor is it a science like any other. To it the human touch, the appeal of the myriad gentle influences which range from sunlight to an embroidered cushion, are necessary elements of the remedial formula. The Utica State Hospital is not a lavishly modern or luxurious institution; but if those who have unfortunate relatives or friends knew what care is here being expended upon them, much anguish would be dissipated. I am writing with the hope of contributing a little toward this realization, and also in the belief that several aspects of the matter deserve attention. My deep indebtedness to Dr. Paul S. Hutchings, whose work for the Utica Hospital has been so fruitful, is obvious. He spared no pains to reveal everything that was interesting or significant.

Utica is, as has been indicated, a relatively old structure, so that the changes inaugurated during recent years are still almost tangible. It is not very long ago that Pinel freed insane patients of their chains, or that the Italians conceived the idea that long walks down country roads would do them good. The grim past is vividly recalled at Utica by little, round, rough places in the floor of a large, sunny room where the patients are now seated in comfortable chairs. These places indicate where seats were once clamped down—large, solid wooden seats into which the insane person was strapped and left to stare at his fellow unfortunates. The most ancient section of the hospital is likewise sombrely instructive, comprising as it does what are virtually rows of cells, inside of which a man might "pace and pace, and be forgotten."

Having looked at these relics and then at the apparent informality of the present scene, you wonder if the nature of mental disease has changed. But in a moment you know better. Throughout some corridors, the vapid laughter and meaningless pantomime of madness leap out at you—laughter and pantomime in which the curious animal note nearly freezes your blood. Elsewhere are wretches whose infirmity is visibly organic; and their blotches and sores, the hid-

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eous cringing of their bodies, prove only too vividly that the fangs of the curse have not been dulled. Modern psychiatry deals with age-old distress, but enjoys a twofold advantage. First, it knows more about the affliction; secondly, it is buoyed up by the realization that cures can be effected.

The machinery of investigation which now enfolds a patient in a veritable maze of reports is one of the most interesting aspects of the modern hospital. Histories of individuals are now written by dozens of observers and based on numerous correlated findings. First of all, the laboratory reports everything it can learn from physical examinations. The patient coming in has the advantage of a scrutiny so thorough and careful that one accustomed to the leisurely diagnosis of the family doctor inevitably rubs his eyes. Blood tests are administered and analyzed by a corps of chemists; the teeth are examined and rectified in an ultra-modern dental laboratory; and organic or functional disorders are ferreted out with an intelligent diligence worthy of Scotland Yard. The sufferer is then placed under observation, so that the exact nature of his mental ailment may be determined. All that psychiatric science has discovered is brought to bear upon the problem, from the Binet-Simon test to the study of "reactions." Finally, the social worker does her part. By delving into family and environmental history, she traces those outer factors which so frequently have a bearing upon inner human life. The complete story of a patient is, therefore, nothing less than a bulky volume, often extraordinarily informing about individual or social mistakes.

Of course examination is merely the anteroom to treatment, and here the wonders are positively unending. One may note, to begin with, the purely physical therapeutic. Your modern scientist no longer seeks the cause of all mental ills in the body, but he always explores it carefully for possible clues. A hospital like that at Utica is equipped with every useful device—ultra and infra rays, baths, electrical apparatus that is fearfully and marvelously made. Any surgeon would envy the appointments of the operating room, and hospital management could do no more for the dietetic kitchens. Naturally the innovations in treatment must be sought in special ventures, which incorporate psychiatric experiments. Among the most astonishing of these is the cure of paresis, most harrowing of all diseases, by inoculating the patient with malarial fever. While keeping the temperature under control with quinine, the physician observes the beneficial effect upon the neural condition. It is said that improvement frequently follows, and that many actual cures have been effected. Hardly less noteworthy, it seems to me, is the influence of running water, heated to the temperature of the body, upon patients suffering with hyperaesthesia.

Purely organic mental maladies, unless bound up with senile decay, are comparatively rare. The major emphasis is therefore laid upon a different kind of therapeutic. This is based, I was given to understand, upon the principle that the patient is normally morbidly introspective. He takes no interest in other people, in the surrounding world. Accordingly, everything possible must be done to overcome this tendency. He must be aware, to begin with, that the nurses and attendants are not mere "hired men" or "servants" but people carefully trained for their work. This will help him to consider his illness as similar to other ailments and so not as a symbol of terrible abnormality. Other helps are provided in numbers. Utica Hospital has installed, for instance, a modern beauty parlor in which the female patients are given the same attention as is enjoyed by their sisters in the bustling world. They become engrossed in the business of a manicure or a bob, thus winning the mercy of self-forgetfulness.

In so far as it is possible, all are given some sort of occupation conforming more or less with what had previously interested them. Many of these little tasks are absurdly simple, but not a few of the patients go about them with apparently something more than resignation. Everything that will promote coöperative action is likewise encouraged. The movie has entered the institutional life. Games which involve a considerable amount of reciprocative effort—tossing a ball, hide and seek—are regularly organized. Even the art of dancing is given a place, and it is more than pathetic (to a far from hardened observer) to see what flurries of excitement are caused by these events. Recently another change has been made for the same purpose. Patients under observation are not segregated according to sex at meal times, but all share the common dining-room.

Finally there comes the exceedingly promising work of occupational therapy. Presided over by well-trained directors, patients engage in tasks which demand, little by little, an effort of concentration upon the outer world. One sees women busily sewing rugs, selecting yarns from a pile of mill salvage and weaving them, at various looms, into patterns which range from the intricate designs of the Orient to the simpler patterns of American colonial art. Not a small part of the achievement is distinctly worth while; and enough is produced each year to make possible a sale, in which the workers seem to take a genuine pride. Occupational healing, one is assured, is destined to play an increasingly important rôle. After all, it exemplifies the old truth that nothing is more deleterious than a complete removal of the chance to be useful.

If all this reveals a more hopeful and humanly tolerable view of insanity than is usually entertained, one must stress the fact that science has labored desperately to make progress and that it probably has little farther to go. At the present time, says Dr. Hutchings, more than 20 percent of the afflictions can be cured and an equal number much assuaged. But people who heedlessly expose themselves to deteriorative habits or influences may well end in an appalling vacuity of mind into which no remedial agent can

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enter. It is evident, therefore, that prevention is here also better than cure, and that the virtue of religious living is an incomparably valuable safeguard. The modern scientist stresses this point earnestly, although as yet he is seldom willing to concede to religion any important share in the processes of curative pathology. Utica Hospital provides both Catholic and Protestant chaplains. Few, however, entertain a preference for this variety of ministry, and it may be conceded that few are acquainted with the demands it imposes. The opportunity which exists for priests who are at the same time competent psychiatrists seems obvious.

Some able modern observers do not hesitate to declare that the influence of the confessional itself might be extended and enriched by that careful mental and moral diagnosis which determines the presence of spiritual diseases as well as of wilful wrong-doing. However that may be, one does feel that to the human interests which now play so large a part in remedying the most pitiful of man's ills, the bliss of faith must be added as the best of all balms. If it can be adapted to the special needs of these unfortunates, the ministration of the Church will reap a harvest of solace and benediction, of light and joy, which only those can understand who know something about the plight of the insane.

## PIERROT OBSERVES

By PAUL BUSSARD

PIERROT and Columbine had at the moment noticed the first faint autumnal tints. Delicate they were, and merely indicative of the incipient clash of color which would shortly sound once more over the land in a vain, but perhaps laudable, attempt to rouse the world and shake off its lethargic shackles.

Pierrot commented cynically on the beginning of autumn: "Columbine, when you grow old and in your fall of life, when the blood finds a great difficulty in making its accustomed round, when like an old man on the street corner it stops at extremities, looking for cessation of useless restlessness—in that time of life I shall allow you to fall into some convenient roadside to mingle the color of your life with the great evener. Like a leaf sailing earthward your flight will be brief and final, and Pierrot will wander on with his eyes clear of tears and his lute-strings in tune. What a marriage there will be—Columbine and the dust: your loveliness become the stamping-ground of horses and your beauty carried about on the wings of bees in spring!"

"Ah, but I cannot believe you, Pierrot. You will sing nothing but sad songs at my grave, and all your hopes will be memories. But then I shall not die, ever, my dear, and you will live always."

Along the line of the horizon and half up the sky above ran a long, slender cloud whose tender body stretched about and above the earth like a golden ribbon on the forehead of a girl. The sun, sinking in a regal prodigality of gold, interlaced the cloud in and out, shot it through and through with liquid fire, caressed it with indirect flame until, like an innocent woman under a trained and artful flatterer, it glowed with pride and satisfaction.

"Unseemly behavior in a creature as old as the sun," remarked Pierrot, "Old Don Juan with his nightly benedictions should have got over such frivolity long ago. There's something here that isn't dead yet."

Startled, they left the road to hurry over to a man who was lying on his back by the wayside.

"How very much like the man the man from Samaria found you are, my friend," said Pierrot as he knelt by his side.

"More so," replied the wounded fellow, "since they have left me well over half dead. In fact you have just come on to see the last act. The curtain goes down in a moment and this house is soon to be left in darkness. Be comfortable while you may, my friend, I'm past all that myself."

"I think if I could stop this flow of blood in your arm you could continue the conversation longer. Columbine, do sit down and don't get this stuff on your dress. There, that will help. What were you about to say?"

"I'm wondering this with a great deal of anxiety," said the dying man easily. "Now that the play is finished, I'm wondering whether this poor actor will walk into the wings and, plunging into darkness, forget that he ever was; or will he walk into the realization of that life for which I have heard this has been fashioned? If you have the answers, prepare to give them now. My thirst can be withstood, and this punctured body may give itself to the worms if it will, but the answer cannot wait, as now I perceive its importance."

"Some importance, surely," said Pierrot. "I wonder you left it till now to ask. You may be dead before I get it told."

"I ask? Why man, I've spent my days in the very arms of the mystery. My young body has become bent with peering into books which professed to tell of the riddle, my sight has grown dim with looking into the faces of little children to find in them some trace of their forsaken immortality, my mouth has been made weary with asking of people in prominent places. If you have nothing to say, be silent and leave me to die staring at the brazen face of the sun who goes to darkness with me."

"Have you in your searching gone through turnip patches, and have you at any time turned over daisies? Or did you expect to find the answer in a butcher's shop and carry it home like a leg of mutton? Or were you planning a journey to Egypt to dig in the sands about the Sphinx, thinking that some ancient of other days might have buried it there? You have been looking at mountains in the blue of distance, I fear, and you have failed to leap the slight stream at your feet. The answer, I say, is in the leaping."

"Speak me no riddles now. I had time in former days for jesting. If you cannot answer, be silent and go away with the woman. And if she stays, tell her to leave that damn fiddle alone. I'm not dead yet."

"And do you think that He Who takes such pains with the sunset would neglect such a prince as you? Can you imagine the Artist of the swallow's wing leaving the only being who can appreciate the swallow's wing, destitute of the means of ascension? All things lay about you here on this stage of life. You had only to open your eyes and acquiesce to that which you are. You had only to surmise that such is such, and then to make that leap which would have cleared you of the stream at your feet and make the ascension of the mountain a free and open road for your going."

"I think I begin to perceive some sense in your words."

"Here on this bank and shoal of time, as one also of your own poets has said, we must jump to the life to come. The leap may be called faith, without which one may not be pleasing."

"You say like this," said the man speaking with his eyes

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closed, "that it appears that such is such—that God is, and is good. But it also appears otherwise. And that I should recognize the God Who has chosen to hide Himself behind this cloud of slight uncertainty. That I should say this—that although such and such appears and the slight uncertainty may never be dispelled, that I, obedient and subservient to the persistence of the uncertainty, must break it through and say how good God is and that He is. And so make the leap."

"You follow well. Here on this bank and shoal of time we must leap to the life to come. As one also of your own poets has said, 'Without faith no man may please God'."

"Your laughing lips are strangely laden with honey. Your words are like the cool fingers of a woman on eyelids hot with fever. In a moment, when the curtain is down, have that woman with the fiddle play the song about the world's great leaping time. You will excuse me if I save my breath from thanking you."

The sun sank with a flutter of streaming pennons and in the cool of a rising breeze the fire and heat of the clouds burned out, until only a deep and profound purple troubled the peace of the stars. The man relaxed the third and little fingers of his left hand. Pierrot arose.

As they walked on their way, the lute swung over Columbine's left shoulder, Pierrot remarked tranquilly that Arcturus, the shepherd of the stars, seemed something closer. And Columbine, who could never remember sad things for more than the passing moment, asked him why the stars should need, of all things, a shepherd.

# COMMUNICATIONS

## THE MERCURY AND THE CHURCH

Oskaloosa, Ia.

TO the Editor:—I have noticed letters in The Commonweal relating to the article in the January American Mercury on American Catholics. (Surely we are not American Catholics as differentiated from Roman Catholics.)

I am merely an average Catholic laywoman. I feel that we can all bear clearly in mind that there is nothing in Catholic doctrine opposed to the separation of Church and state. We are taught that papal infallibility applies only to matters of faith and morals.

If the entire truth were told of some of the instances cited in the Mercury article, the story would probably read differently. Perhaps in the Mungret matter there was a question of restitution; certainly to have withdrawn the decree, the Papacy must in the end have been satisfied. If America has transgressed in a lack of deference to the Holy See, surely it has been unintentional.

Large allowances are usually made for differences of viewpoint in different countries. Perhaps we have been careless in using such terms as "power" and "allegiance," intending them in a spiritual, not a political sense—in our guilelessness assuming that our intent is clear.

Many high authorities have denied the right of the Papacy to bid us take up arms against our country. Why not always add that this is so unlikely as to be outside the range of possibility? We know that the Church could have built up a world empire centuries ago, if she had desired it. In the long line of Sovereign Pontiffs, if there has occasionally been one or another ambitious for worldly power, he has been a rare exception. Since the Church on earth must be in the hands of human representatives, the rarity of such instances is indeed remarkable.

Whenever the Church is involved, the Papacy must concern itself with political matters. To cite just one instance: it was necessary for the United States to enter upon negotiations with the Church when the matter of the Philippines was being handled, because of Church property there. When the recent solution of the Italian question was impending, the statement was carried by the general press that His Holiness Pius XI expressed a desire to have no subjects. It transpires that, in making him free of allegiance to any country, and hence neutral and unembarrassed in dealing with Church questions between two countries, it is impossible not to regard him as a ruler of his own infinitesimal dominion. It is a compelling thought that His Holiness said he wished "the least possible" territory.

The comment regarding delicate forms of Catholic piety being paraded before the public seems to apply more truly to Europe than to America. Everywhere we should guard against materializing religion; but example of this seem about as isolated as can be expected of human agencies.

ELIZABETH MCCULLOUGH BRAY.

## CHURCH-BUILDING SPANIARDS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In reviewing Red Mexico in the New York Times Book Review of January 20, William Spratling fell into a surprising fallacy.

Commenting unfavorably upon the church-building zeal of the Spanish conquerors, Mr. Spratling made the following statement: "This reviewer has in mind a certain small town called Cholula, with a population of 2,000 and not less than 365 churches." Now at the time of the conquest, Cholula was not a small town, but was one of the largest and most important cities in Mexico. Las Casas conservatively estimated the population at 150,000; while Cortés claimed that there were 20,000 homes in the city and 20,000 more on the outskirts, which would give a population of 200,000. These facts are found in Prescott's History of the Conquest of Mexico, Volume II, page 3. On Cortés's first march to Mexico City, Cholula was the scene of the horrible massacre of the Indians; on the second march to the Aztec capital, it was used as a base by the Spaniards, and it was an important stop in the route from the coast to the interior of Mexico.

It is also possible that among the 365 churches counted by Mr. Spratling there were some former "teocallis," for the Spaniards sometimes converted the Indian temples and sanctuaries of the temples into churches and chapels for the use of private families and their retinue. Whether this last point be true or not, it is well established that Cholula at the time of the Spanish conquest had an estimated population of 150,000 Indians; and when the number of Spaniards who afterward came there is added to this figure, we can readily see that 365 churches were not so out of proportion to the population as Mr. Spratling would lead us to believe.

REGINALD T. KENNEDY.

## GOVERNOR SMITH AND MR. WHITE

Utica, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The Sage of Emporia's letter in your issue of February 6 was clever but disingenuous. 'Twere better to allow it to lapse into innocuousness were it not for Mr. White's naive assumption that his sophomoric, superficial "proof" had somehow settled matters in Mr. Smith's disfavor. During the former's frenzied assaults last summer, one great daily frankly stated that, with all its long, intimate familiarity

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in the investigation field, it could make little out of the legislative "record" but a small part of a fine record, which Mr. White was waving about with such gusto.

It asserted further that it would take a skilled research worker, a historian, months of patient toil and study to come to a fair, honest and accurate appraisal in this matter. To cite one difficulty: most of the record was merely a recording. United States senators take pages to explain their motivations on a vote. But Mr. White's "experts" rushed to Albany for two or three days, dashed back to New York with "verifications"; and Mr. White with a flourishing fanfare announced that photostatic copies would be released on a certain date to "convict" Mr. Smith. Judge, jury, executioner and prosecuting attorney was Mr. White! Buncombe! Absolutely unnecessary. "Reform" organizations had made all this common knowledge years before. It was a circus performance to attract publicity and attention.

So Governor Smith's crushing reply was made easy. No one had to propagandize the retraction idea. The news despatches and the press, some unfriendly to Smith, did that and were as surprised as anyone at Mr. White's last addition to the series.

Mr. White's vain efforts to explain away epithets he hurled at his party's nominees are amusing. For instance, if a man is unqualifiedly declared to be a "nitwit," it doesn't seem to matter from what kind of context the appellation is "lifted." About mid-June of 1928 (note date) the Emporia editor wrote, among other criticism of his party, that it was dominated by "temple pharisees," and further declared that the highly admired and respected Senator Norris (how delighted I am to second the Kansan here!) is the finest soul in American public life today. Which perhaps explains George Norris's support of Alfred E. Smith.

Mr. Brunini is right. I greatly admire the Emporia editor, but hereafter when he engages in controversy his testimony is suspect with me.

THOMAS J. MCGURTY.

## SETTING ONE'S HOUSE IN ORDER

Minneapolis, Minn.

TO the Editor:—Your January 16 number contains an informative communication from Mr. Edward H. Lange of San Antonio, Texas, regarding my article published in December under the title, Setting One's House in Order. Mr. Lange quite properly points out that statutes in some of the states may modify, or preclude, applicability of one or more of the measures I proposed.

As a further instance, I understand that in a number of states—five, I am told—the statutes do not exempt from taxation the proceeds of life insurance policies payable to personal beneficiaries. Then, too, the proceeds so payable are subject to federal tax when in excess of $40,000—an amount greater than those considered in my paper.

Mr. Lange says: "In conclusion I would add that the author's statement, 'that about 60 percent of the wills drawn by lawyers are faulty and so open to attack,' is certainly a figure taken at random and has, in my opinion, no basis in fact." I take no issue with the closing part of this averment, the "in my opinion" saving it from uncharitableness; but let us see about the "certainly taken at random." (I had prefaced my statement with "experience is said to have revealed.")

Mr. Daniel S. Remsen of the New York bar, in his book, The Post-Mortem Use of Wealth, states on pages 77 and 78:

"Experience in the ante-mortem criticism of wills has shown that, notwithstanding the obvious importance of such a writing, about 60 percent of wills drawn by lawyers contain some obscurity, flaw or omission which renders them, at least in some respects, unsafe or unsound."

True, the volume at hand bears the date 1911, but lawyers had been practising for many decades when Mr. Remsen wrote, and whether any revolutionary betterment in the percentage has taken place since may be, perhaps, in the absence of statistics, a matter of opinion.

THOMAS J. MALONE.

## GENERAL BOOTH GOES TO COURT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Your editorial in the issue of February 13 upon the legal aspect of the present controversy is particularly incisive and original—that is, if placed in juxtaposition with the average editorial comment throughout the country. There is a great deal in what you say about the retention of the Army spirit. I rather think, however, that you have misunderstood the attitude of the High Council which is not, as the newspapers emphasize, the democratization of the movement, but the necessity of solving the question of succession on the elective principle.

The present system lays itself open to all sorts of complications. It places the power of naming his successor in the hands of one man who, because of the vast power he possesses, cannot resist certain temptations to abuse that power. In fact, the Pope of Rome is circumscribed in his power as compared with the General of the Salvation Army. The appointment of the Pope's successor is determined on what are essentially democratic lines. Not so the selection of a General in this organization.

There is no fear of any fundamental change in the Army as such. Nevertheless we are grateful to you for expounding your own view of discipline, and would respectfully point out that there is a great difference between discipline and despotism, and it is the despotic element in our constitution that the overwhelming majority of Salvation Army leaders are determined to end.

W. LOUIS DEVOTO,
*Publicity Director, News Service Section, the Salvation Army.*

## CHEAP TRUTH NEEDED

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In a recent issue of The Commonweal, Dom Leonard Sargent, O.S.B., strikes a note that goes to the root of things. "Popularize history for the casual readers." But how can it be done? How can the enormous and most easily got at mass of lying literature be overcome by truth? By producing a cheap and enormous flood of printed truth. The only way to do that is to organize an order of printer monks, build plants to house printing presses, acquire spruce forests. Money on such a project would be well spent—far better than on affairs that may be seized, as was done in France.

I can buy Macaulay's England for $.75. Over on Barclay Street how much can I get for $.75? Some time back I was eager to get Thompson's Saint Francis. The cheapest edition I could find over on Barclay Street was $7.00. The Church is menaced through the lack of printing presses.

M. J. B.

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# POEMS

## *Saint Francis*

Francis spoke to the birds
  By the blue Italian sea,
Feeding them full with his words—
  "Oh little brothers," said he,
"I bring you the love of God
  And the hope of eternity.
The thousand years since He trod
  Up steep Gethsemane
Is but the dust of the street,"
  Said Francis, "to His feet!"

Francis spoke to the beast,
  To Messer Death spoke he,
"Our brother the wolf, not least
  Are you in God's beauty!
Your strength is as a hill,
  It is a dark pine tree."
And Messer Death was still,
  His head on Francis's knee.
And in his eyes the red
  And awful glare was dead.

Four hundred years is a breath,
  A thousand years is a day,
Still men fear Messer Death
  Since Francis went that way.
Yet still the sparrows keep
  Their tryst with verities,
The years are but a sweep
  Of street-dust in their eyes!
Give us, then, world without end
  And Messer Death, our friend!

DOROTHY BENNETT.

## *Love Denied*

Than myself there is a Stronger.
"Call no longer—call no longer.
Nay," a Voice says, "call no more."

Is it wrong, Unseen Commander,
When my needing is so sore?

Hark! The Infinite Demander
Stills my selfish, pleading heart.
"Hush, beloved. Mine thou art."

ELIZABETH CASE.

## *The Reveler*

I saw a something in the dawn
  Go shambling down the street,
With haggard face, with eye forlorn,
  With weak and wandering feet.

It was my weary soul, I think,
  That after life's carouse
Was turning home at morning's brink
  To slumber in the house.

EDWARD H. PFEIFFER.

## *Sojourner*

I use a long-dead woman's room,
  Her teakwood desk and chair,
Gifts brought from India where she lived,
  A missionary there.

Zenana women through her eyes
  Saw light beyond their wall;
Hers was the strong hand children hold
  And know they will not fall.

Swans, cockatrices, flying fish
  Gleam from the ebon wood
With lions padding round the base—
  A jungle brotherhood.

Here are black garlands where each flower
  And fruit, each leaf-twined cup
Might be the seal of one made whole,
  A bowed heart lifted up.

Touched by her ready, healing hand
  Must not these hold their share
Of quickening grace—a benison
  Rest on her desk and chair?

A blessing may not pass away
  But from it blessings spring;
Unworthy, fortunate wanderer, I
  In this my sojourning!

ISABEL VALLÉ.

## *Winter*

One of the loveliest things I know,
Is an upland meadow white with snow;
A grove of firs to mark its crown,
Their spreading arms by snow weighed down:
Slender mullein stalks frosted white,
Last year's goldenrod capped with light,
While, under the rays of the noonday sun,
Glittering and glistening, swift rainbows run
Backward and forward across its face,
Till eyes are strained and pulses race
With a strange excitement, a wild desire
To whirl through that field of glinting fire.

Yes, a hill-slope covered with sun-bright snow,
Is one of the loveliest things I know.

EDNA JUDSON WILDE.

## *If You Had Loved Me*

If you had loved me it would not have mattered,
Life unplanned,
Whether we rowed, or swam, or merely scattered
Drifted sand,
Whether we bent to silences or chattered
At love's command,
Whether you kissed my lips or touched my hand.

JESSIE D. CORRIGAN.

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# THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

## *Eugene O'Neill's Dynamo*

THERE has been a lot of chatter already, and there will soon be much more, about Eugene O'Neill's latest excursion into the realm of philosophical playwriting. He abandoned some time ago writing about life as he had experienced it, and took up the task of dissecting the inmost impulses of the mind in the terms of objective drama. In one sense, therefore, his later work is more truly creative, the characters and their environment springing entirely from his mind, and representing life forces and viewpoints rather than real types we are apt to meet in time and place. But along with this greater creative freedom, O'Neill has chosen to assume the rôle of philosophic poet, seeking to interpret problems of the day through drama. In this process it is plain to see that he finds the poet in himself at war with the groping thinker, and that the authentic character of his work has suffered from the conflict. His characters have become conscious creations willing to do his bidding as occasion demands. They are, sad to relate, little more in actuality than O'Neill's responsive robots.

In discussing any recent O'Neill play, it is always well to distinguish between his apparent, or popular, importance and his real importance. In the popular mind he has become something more than dramatist and poet. He has become one of America's leading thinkers on the more profound questions of life. As a matter of fact, however, his thinking is of a very shallow order, frequently trite in the extreme and enormously over-influenced by his emotions. His real importance lies in the strength of his raw feelings and in his ability to convert these feelings into dramatic situations so that they sweep over an audience like flame. His sense of theatrical values is rich and true. His sense of words, as one means of conveying feeling, is surpassingly apt. He is somewhat like the famous old preacher who could utter the word "Mesopotamia" with such profound emotion that it brought tears to the eyes of half his congregation. O'Neill experiences, let us say, a perfectly simple feeling in relation to one of his characters—but by the time he has clothed that feeling in clamorous words and in the double-thick atmosphere of theatrical suggestion, he has endowed it with something approaching universal importance.

Nor is there anything that is inherently spurious about this process. The simpler feelings are the more universal ones, and it is only because we ourselves have become deadened in our perceptions that they seem banal when the average person talks or writes about them. O'Neill is really rendering a great service when he reëstablishes for us, through our emotions, the universal import of simple things. The poet sees a symphony of life in a sunset, whereas the ordinary man sees only a pretty, isolated picture, and if the poet can succeed in giving the ordinary man a pair of magic glasses through which he too can glimpse the symphony, then the poet has achieved lasting importance.

But the cold processes of the intellect are rarely combined successfully with the intuitions and the expressive power of the poet. When they are, the world finds itself confronted with a genius like Dante. The trouble with O'Neill of late has been his quite evident ambition to intellectualize his primitive poetic power. Instead of fusing the two faculties, he has unconsciously let one choke the other. This has never been more apparent nor more painful than in Dynamo, his latest play, just produced by the Theatre Guild. It is a play with many tense theatrical moments, and with a few flashes of raw power, but for the most part it is a fairly deliberate attempt to project upon a helpless and half-hypnotized public the intellectual confusion of O'Neill's own mind—a confusion brought about, as I have suggested, by the war between his intelligence and his emotions.

O'Neill has told us, in a letter to George Jean Nathan, that Dynamo is the first of a trilogy of plays that "will dig at the roots of the sickness of today as I feel it—the death of an old God and the failure of science and materialism to give any satisfying new one for the surviving primitive religious instinct to find a meaning for life in, and to comfort its fears of death with." This is really a very illuminating statement—not as to the play itself, as O'Neill intends it, but as to O'Neill's own frame of mind; the placid assumption of "the death of an old God," not, you will notice, the "loss of an old God," or man's momentary blindness to Him. Not even the loss of the true God—permitting the thought that perhaps man, in his material race, has substituted a God of the letter for the true God of the spirit. No. To satisfy O'Neill, it must be nothing less than the unqualified death of an old God; and the many blasphemies in the play flow from that smug assumption. Then comes the shallow half-truth that science and materialism have not given any satisfying new God to take the place of the old. But what thinker of any depth or penetration ever expected science and materialism, of themselves, to furnish a new God? The story of the golden calf is as old as mankind. Materialism never has satisfied mankind, and never will, and no man with an ounce of observation or sense imagines it ever will. And as to science, what can it ever do by itself more than it has done throughout the ages—increase our knowledge of the mechanics of good and evil? Each new discovery only adds to the immensity of our ignorance—so that we might well say that man has more cause today than in a primeval forest to look in awe at the universe and to seek in its vast design and complexity the unity that is the will of God. Science may some day drive the world back to God—but to suggest that science should furnish a new God is like asking a violin to furnish new music. The instrument can never become the creator—the handiwork can never make the hand.

O'Neill, of course, is using words somewhat in the poetic sense, and it might be considered unfair to dissect their meaning literally. But in the present instance it is important to do so. It is important for the reason that he sets himself up as the analyst of a great world sickness of the day and proposes to dig at its roots with his intellect as well as his poetic intuition; and we can judge the fitness of his intellect for his self-appointed job only by the evidences he gives of clear thinking or the contrary. All he really does in Dynamo is to express a deep and obvious discontent with the God of the letter and to show the tragedy of any attempt to set up the marvels of science as a substitute God. Both parts of his task are therefore negative. In all charity we might say that, given time, O'Neill may arrive by the process of elimination at rediscovering the true God of the spirit Who has never died. But this may take

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years, and in the meantime, the O'Neill public must apparently be led by the nose through the maze of his own mental confusions and, thanks to his dramatic power, be made to suffer with him vicariously in his attempts to disentangle himself from them.

The story of Dynamo is simple. A minister's son comes under the scathing influence of the village atheist (who is also the superintendent of the local power plant) and renounces the God of his fathers for the new god of electricity, as symbolized in the dynamo. The dynamo becomes for the boy the figure of all generative force, something essentially female, and through it he hopes to discover the hidden meaning of life. He transfers his instinct for fanatical worship from God to the dynamo until he actually prays to it and offers it the sacrifice of a vow of celibacy. The atheist's daughter becomes reasonably jealous of his new devotion and tries to "bring him down to earth" by making him love her again—which he does. Thereupon he feels he has been unfaithful to his new God, shoots the girl and electrocutes himself in the dynamo. Upon this bare outline O'Neill has constructed a play of considerable power in which, through atmosphere and suggestion, he makes the boy's worship of the dynamo seem quite credible and the final tragedy assume astonishing proportions. But all the atmosphere in the world cannot blind us to the bare fact that O'Neill has been shallow even in his choice of symbols. Had he taken, not the dynamo, nor even electricity, but rather the mysterious magnetic field from which electric generation emerges, he would at least have been approaching that analogy science has revealed by which magnetism and cohesion can be compared to the binding force of the universe —the force which expresses for us in time and space the binding love and the will of God. But instead, as in his letter to Mr. Nathan, O'Neill has preferred the outer surface symbol to the inner reality, the handiwork for the hand, and so has lost himself completely in an angry ocean of the senses.

As to the outer form and circumstance of Dynamo, it is a mixture of several of the technical tricks with which O'Neill has been experimenting for years. The open-front rooms of two houses in the first two acts is the same scenic technique as that employed in Desire under the Elms. The use of the aside is a continuation of the Strange Interlude experiment—in this case, less successful. There are no masks, however, for which we can be duly grateful. In the settings and in the casting the Theatre Guild has done bravely by the play, the realism of the last scene in the power house being one of those rare masterpieces of design in which the literal is heightened to an impressive universality. Glenn Anders as the boy, Dudley Digges as the atheist, Claudette Colbert as his daughter, and Helen Westley and George Gaul as the boy's mother and father, all work together in a perfect harmony such as can be achieved only by a permanent company of actors and a director of the distinguished calibre of Philip Moeller. Catherine Calhoun Doucet as the atheist's wife, who shares the fanaticism of the boy for the dynamo which she, too, comes to regard as a female goddess, may possibly exaggerate the drawling comedy of her lines, but seemed to me on the whole to do a difficult task well. It is a case of immense talent in playwriting, acting and production all being wasted on the immature profundities of a man whose intelligence cannot catch up with his chaotic and intense feelings. The play is not really about a world sickness, but about O'Neill's own sickness—a blind soul in an aching body which nevertheless cries out with the words and the power of a poet. (At the Martin Beck Theatre.)

# BOOKS

## From Sport to Spectacles

*Undergraduates, by R. H. Edwards, J. M. Artman and Galen M. Fisher. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.*

UNDERGRADUATES is called a study of morale in twenty-three American colleges and universities. It is in fact a presentation of the informal and social aspects of college life in their relation to the formation of undergraduate character in the institutions concerned. No Catholic college or university for men or women is included in the list.

The book presents its picture of undergraduate life by means of interviews secured by field workers whose instructions are outlined thus: "Except for a general statement that the purpose of the inquiry was to ascertain the factors that were building up or undermining the character of students, no attempt was made to give definite direction to the interviews, but witnesses were encouraged to speak of those matters that most interested them, assurance being given that names would not be revealed."

The result is not a study but the raw material of many studies, as the headings of the chapters indicate: Environment, Student Groupings, Extra-Curricular Activities, Athletics and Physical Education, The Relations of Men and Women, Student Government and Honor Systems, Senior Responses to Questions on Moral and Religious Practices and Beliefs, Religious Provisions and Agencies, The Faculty.

All sides of almost all questions of college life are presented. Much that is wholesome in American college life is recorded. This we accept. But there is a new revelation of the serious problems of the college, which all books on educational administration have overlooked or neglected, and which hardly ever gets to the public except in such an instance as we have recently had in one of the state universities of very great reputation, where a professor of psychology told his class that every girl should have a sex experience before marriage.

One cannot help feeling, after reading this book, that these undergraduates penetrate a great deal of the sham in our college education, and what I have elsewhere called the "demimonde" of scholarship that occupies the teaching positions. In this review there is space to note in detail only two problems; the attitude of these undergraduates and their instructors toward the intellectual and toward the moral and religious problems of the college. But there is much keen insight which may be mentioned before going into detail. One student says, "You might as well be at a summer resort." Another says, "The alumni injure us badly at game times and at commencement by bringing in liquor and carrying on general rowdyism." Another says, "Sport becomes a terrific grind rather than a recreation."

Perhaps the keenest statement on the intellectual side of the college is thus phrased: "To some of them it seems like being forced to listen to old records on a phonograph when they themselves might be playing in an orchestra." To many of these undergraduates the authorized curriculum is "passive," "formal," "dead," "canned information," "lacking in adventure and in creative activity." So a very wise proposal is formulated—to make the curriculum an activity. So perverted is the general result now that a student who graduates at the top of his class is felt to be a failure. But let the father of such a student put the statement: "My boy is graduating at the top of his class. He has stuck to the business of education and

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gained almost the highest grade ever received in the university. His work has been much appreciated by his professors, but he has not been made a member of a single committee or given any part in the class-day program. He feels this very keenly and graduates with the conviction that his college course has not been successful."

Lectures are repeatedly condemned, as they should be, by students and professors. This criticism may be summarized in this statement: "If they [facts] are simply shoveled out for note-taking and for future regurgitation at quiz or examination, they amount to little."

The discussion of the moral side of the problem is equally illuminating. And two statements are particularly noteworthy from the standpoint of readers of The Commonweal. The first is made by the authors of the book: "Not all faculty influence makes for the upbuilding of character in the students. On the contrary, it is the opinion of the inquirers that the number of teachers who undermine character, though by no means predominant, is yet distressingly large." A professor in a state university says: "A certain faculty group in our scientific departments use every opportunity to put a knife into the religious beliefs of students. The scientific dogmatist is the greatest dogmatist of all. They go out of their way to unsettle students. Students go to the bad through their influence and throw all religion overboard." A few comments by students may be pertinent. One says: "One of my professors thought it was a joke to slam at religion." "A few teachers in almost every institution," say the authors, "digress to air their pet aversions on ethical and religious matters."

The majority of the answers given by students seem to the inquirer to show considerable confusion and lack of fundamental education on religious and ethical issues. This indicates a situation which has been well put in these terms—that what these students are getting is a university education in science and secular knowledge, without even a kindergarten education in religion. The real educational content in these colleges is not philosophy, apparently, but what is very appropriately called a "conglomeration of doctrine."

The comment on this subject may be brought to a close by quoting the dying words of President Burton of the University of Chicago: "In the last two weeks I have seen more clearly than ever before in thirty years what this university ought to be and may become. . . . In that future and for its realization, the moral and religious life of the university is more central and important than I have ever before realized it to be."

EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK.

## Queen Victoria's Daughter

*Letters of the Empress Frederick; edited by Sir Frederick Ponsonby. New York: The Macmillan Company. $8.50.*

THIS book throws a new light on the life of the Empress Frederick, and will do much to clear her memory of some most unjust accusations which have been hurled at her in recent German publications—among others, in Herr Ludwig's biography of the former Kaiser William II. At the same time it is impossible for those who have known the Empress personally not to regret that the publisher of her letters suppressed certain passages in them. The fact that he undoubtedly has done so leaves him open to the charge that he has chosen only those letters likely to present an image of Queen Victoria's eldest daughter which corresponded to his own views and those of the British Court.

Aside from this reservation, I can but rejoice at this public vindication of the Empress Frederick, to whom so many ties of affection and gratitude bound me in the past, and still bind me to this day. She was a great character and a noble woman. All through her life she had been pursued by tragedy, and her very qualities proved in more than one instance the reason of her misfortunes. She was frank to a fault, and such frankness is always to the disadvantage of a queen, who according to preconceived ideas ought to say only nice things. So it must not be wondered at if the Empress made for herself enemies where it would have been not only possible but easy for her to have made friends. But the description which her son gave of her in his book of memoirs—"she was always most German in England and most English in Germany"—is not true by any means. She was only frank in both countries, telling both how she thought they ought to have acted, and bringing to their respective notices their national defects—which, of course, was about the last thing she ought to have done.

On the other hand, there has seldom existed a person with greater fairness in her judgments, even in the case of people whom she disliked or who had been unkind to her. We find a striking instance of this fact in a letter she wrote to Queen Victoria in January, 1871, during the Franco-German War concerning her relations with the old Empress Augusta, who always treated her so badly and judged her so unjustly:

"You say you are glad that my mama-in-law and I get on well now together. The wretchedness of my life when we do not, you do not know. I am only too glad when she will let me be on a comfortable footing with her. No one knows her really good and great qualities better than I do, or is happier to see her in a good humor. . . . I have fought her battles and smoothed her path wherever I could. I bear no malice or resentment, though she has made me suffer much (more perhaps than you can imagine). . . . I feel a deep pity for her as nature has given her a character and a temper which must tend to unhappiness and 'Unbefriedigung' wherever she be. . . . I shall feel happy and thankful if I can in any way contribute to make this and the later period of her existence more peaceful and happy."

Surely these are noble words, and when one has been a witness of the many petty persecutions to which the then Crown Princess of Germany was subjected by her mother-in-law, one can but admire the spirit of fairness which she never ceased to display in regard to her.

The most important part of the book deals with the Franco-German War, and later on with the illness and death of the Emperor Frederick. In regard to the war, I will frankly confess that I was surprised when reading the Empress's letters to find her so completely anti-French. When I knew her, which was much later, she had come to a far more impartial view of the events which led to the campaign of 1870. In 1866, just after the battle of Sadowa had been won by the Crown Prince, she wrote to her mother: "I cannot and will not forget that I am a Prussian, but as such I know it is very difficult to make you or any other non-German see how our case lies. We have made enormous sacrifices, and the nation expects them not to be in vain. . . ." This feeling of "being a Prussian" was even carried further during the campaign of 1870 against the French. But no one in Prussia gave her any credit for this devotion to her consort's fatherland, and people went on calling her "die Engländerin," just as Marie Antoinette had been called "l'Autrichienne."

Of course one of the principal enemies of the Empress

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Frederick was Prince Bismarck. Yet they might have been staunch friends, considering the love each of them bore this Germany which the powerful minister had made great, and over which the Crown Princess was to reign. Unfortunately, third persons interfered and worked with perseverance to widen the breach which divided them. But Bismarck never ceased to respect both her intellect and her personality, and he was once heard to exclaim: "If only she had been my friend, what great things we might have done together!"

This book is one of the most interesting that has appeared for a long time, and every word of it ought to be read with care and attention.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

## Three Essayists

*Tuesdays at Ten, by Cornelius Weygandt. Philadelphia: The University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.00.*

*Spirit of Delight, by George McLean Harper. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.*

*A Rover I Would Be, by E. V. Lucas. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.*

TO JUDGE by the contents of Professor Weygandt's volume, the undergraduates who attend his classes are to be congratulated. For they foregather on Tuesdays at ten to listen to the lectures from which these informal, leisurely essays have grown, and inevitably to discover that the study of literature may be a joy. Here are studies of near and immediate contemporaries, men who have struck a new note in English literature, like Dunsany, or lent a new significance and distinction to an old one, like Francis Thompson. Yeats has a place, and Hudson, Lionel Johnson and Stephen Phillips, Masefield, Austin Dobson, Douglas Hyde and James Stephens.

Professor Weygandt's method is simplicity itself. He begins at the beginning of a writer's career and presents him chronologically, never attempting to twist a plain narrative into highly colored drama, never affecting wisdom at the expense of clearness, and always avoiding those stereotyped, thought-saving phrases which make so much professorial writing deadening and deadly. His style has ease, grace and color; he possesses the cardinal gift of the critic, taste. Like Professor Phelps of Yale, he has the saving grace of humor and the conviction that life, in both time and importance, comes before literature. Again, like Phelps, he knows what to tell and what to withhold; he stimulates the curiosity of the reader and sends him back to his books, to verify old impressions, to form fresh ones or to make discoveries on his own account, often in a challenging, but always in an eager, mood.

In these days when the winds of criticism have been tempered to the shorn lambs of contemporary letters, it is refreshing to read this plea for the readoption of the only standards of judgment that possess validity: "I have always held that poetry is the touchstone of literature; if there is not the rapture of creation; if there is not a seer's discoveries of the profundities of life; if the writing does not capture and reproduce the beauty of the world, the beauty of imagination, the beauty of dream, that writing is not of the first power. . . ."

Professor Harper's volume contains essays of travel in Greece, Italy and Holland, but is chiefly given over to critical papers, of which only one (Hardy, Hudson, Housman) is concerned with recent writers. Professor Harper discusses Coleridge as a poet, Matthew Arnold, Dante in relation to modern-day problems, and those two clever women, worshipers of brilliant brothers, Dorothy Wordsworth and Eugénie de Guérin. Professor Harper is sincere and scholarly, but by no means light of touch. His attitude toward literature differs from that of Professor Weygandt as philosophy differs from poetry. His prepossessions are epitomized in his answer to Matthew Arnold's sister when she inquired what part of her brother's work he esteemed most. "His critical writings, his literary and especially his religious criticism." This bent of mind reveals itself in some strange pronouncements: "It is true that the scholastic philosophy has been reduced to dust by 'the unimaginable touch of time'"; "Historic orthodoxy" is incompatible "with the deepest and sweetest human morality"; "Church schools are notoriously inferior in the mental education they afford"; the Oxford movement subsided "in a dismal ebb toward Rome."

The most valuable pages of Professor Harper's book are those which contain his obiter dicta on American education. Here he is most refreshing and his rich experience as a teacher finds golden—and all too brief—utterance.

All the English-speaking world knows E. V. Lucas, whose work has charm, grace and unfailing simplicity, and who somehow succeeds in being humorous, urbane and occasionally erudite without the slightest appearance of effort. His latest volume, a collection of essays and fantasies, the fruit of his journeying through England and France, is typical. Tact is a miniature masterpiece of quiet irony; The Early Smokers is full of historic reminiscences; Babel contains a revelatory touch or two and some sound wisdom. There are several titles as intriguing as Max Beerbohm's, such as First Aid to the Grateful, The Defeat of Generosity, and A New Use for Dwarfs, and when you have read them you will, like every confirmed Lucasian, conclude by reading the whole delightful little volume through.

JOSEPH J. REILLY.

## Tomorrow's Child

*The Child and the World, by Margaret Naumberg. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.*

THERE is not the slightest doubt in the mind of this reviewer that the experimental or "new schools," sometimes spoken of as "activity schools," will have a profound effect on public and parochial education. With some modification, this will be the education of the future—just as fast as we can train teachers to do it, if not faster. For it requires more than training. Never have we had a theory of education which demanded so creative an approach on the part of the teacher. On the other hand, never have we had a theory of education which was so rewarding to the born teacher.

This book deals only with secular education. Nevertheless it will interest the religious person because of its constant examination of values. It is rather audacious of me to try to summarize in a few words the basic philosophy of the new education—but I should say that it is this: Every year we have given to us a new crop of buoyant babies. Can we not do anything more constructive with the bubbling spirits of childhood than to fag a teacher in an attempt to repress them? The way to harness that energy usefully is to let the child follow its natural bents, develop its own individual abilities. And by organizing the school, not for the convenience of the teachers but for the good of the child, it is possible to effect such economy in education that the child, besides developing his own initiative and talents, also covers the general ground of elementary and high school education and is ready for college at the usual time.

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Or we might approach the question in another way—not that of making the best of what is given us, but of preparing the child for an unknown future. What shall we teach him? In an age of such rapid change, nobody can possibly know what subjects will be the most useful to him. So, since we cannot give him dependable information, we must at least teach him to depend upon himself. In other words, the emphasis has to be shifted from the curriculum to the production of an able, interested, dynamic human being; also a clear-thinking, fine-fibred human being. This does not necessarily mean a scorn of tradition—Mrs. Naumberg warns against that; but it means the relinquishing of any hope of making all people think, feel and act alike. Each child must be studied psychologically—and that study must not end with a few intelligence tests which, as she explains, do not really measure either intelligence or normality for the individual child, but merely ascertain whether he can do certain things that the majority of children of his own age can do. Still, that is something. The sureness with which Mrs. Naumberg weighs such matters and compares the different schools of psychology is reassuring. She is a woman who has thought long and deeply, and who is striving to strike a balance between the subjective and the objective, the artistic and the scientific, the social and the individualistic, in education.

She presents her ideas in the form of dialogues in which the director of a school, parents, visiting teachers, professors, psychologists, doctors and others, ask questions or answer them. The disadvantage of this informal, running comment is that, if you ever wanted to look up anything again, you would have a hard time finding it. But this drawback is more than offset by the greater liveliness and naturalness of the book. And I cannot express how wide it is in its reach. It is more than a book on education. It is a résumé of the intellectual life of our times, an attempt to see the world soundly and see it whole, to the end that we may be able to teach the next generation how to live in it, and rectify some of our own mistakes.

MARGERY MANSFIELD.

## The Fifth Estate

*The Handwriting on the Wall: A Chemist's Interpretation, by Arthur D. Little. New York: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.*

THE British Parliament has long consisted of three estates: lords spiritual, lords temporal and the commons. Edmund Burke spoke of the reporters' gallery as the fourth and the most important estate of all. Now the world must recognize a fifth estate. It consists, writes Dr. Little, "of the company of thinkers, workers, expounders and practitioners upon which the world is absolutely dependent for the preservation and advancement of that organized knowledge which we call science."

Whether man likes it or not, he is being compelled to recognize that the material world is becoming more and more a world of science, a world dominated by the fruits of the painstaking researches of the members of the fifth estate. These men and women are working at the frontiers of organized knowledge, and no one can foresee what new revelation may confront man as those frontiers are enlarged. Lately he has so adapted himself that he can get his food out of a tin can, illuminate his home with a glowing wire, hear a voice 3,000 miles distant speaking to him. Presently he is exchanging his ice-box for a refrigerator cooled by a gas flame! When the makers of talking machines suddenly found that the radio

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had severely curtailed their market, they called upon the fifth estate to extricate them from their predicament—just as it had got them into that predicament by making the radio possible. It did help them. They are now greatly improved.

Dr. Little, chemist and chemical engineer since 1886, a man who stands at the top of his profession, is the Daniel who earnestly translates the handwriting on the wall for all whom it may concern—and it really concerns us all. He convinces us that science, and especially chemistry, has already made a colossal contribution to manufacturing and to agriculture. He pleads eloquently with us to recognize the aims and to support the efforts of the members of the fifth estate, especially in the conservation of our natural resources.

The book (which is carefully indexed) consists of a series of twelve essays written "at various times for occasional purposes." As a result, it is somewhat heterogeneous, becoming at times rather technical. But these drawbacks are easily balanced by a genuine charm of expression, an originality of phrase, a sense of humor and a pleasing way of assembling dry facts and statistics. This is rather unusual for contemporary members of the fifth estate, who frequently pay no attention to literary attractiveness and beauty.

NICHOLAS DIETZ, JR.

## A Tame Wild Man

*The Making of Buffalo Bill, by Richard J. Walsh, in collaboration with Milton S. Salsbury. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.00.*

MANY of us can remember hiding away in some hay-loft to read the nickel novels about Buffalo Bill. We could never understand why this had to be done in secret. A study of this book shows us with authentic documents that the Buffalo Bill we worshiped was only a fictitious character after all. He was "the subject of the deliberate and infinitely skilful use of publicity." Writers gave to the public the hero they wanted and not the hero who was the real Bill Cody. Perhaps mother was right; we shouldn't have read those lies.

The mighty killer of red men who lived so long in the imagination of boyhood, according to good evidence had actually killed but one Indian. The hero of the pony express, the stage coach, the buffalo hunt and the Civil War worked with a prosaic gang of road-builders, and later hunted buffalo to feed the men who were building the first transcontinental railroad. The great Indian scout missed the greatest expeditions against the Indians, and later went into fights merely for the sake of publicity.

The author has a large supply of documentary evidence to prove his points. He has tried to find the real Buffalo Bill who was neither hero nor showman. But who wants that Buffalo Bill? He finds the real Buffalo Bill an interesting man, yet not great enough to be written up in a biography. Yet the road-maker does more constructive work in building the West than the Indian killer. The hero of bad debts, court battles, lawsuits and financial failures, is a greater hero at sixty than the boy Indian killer.

The author calls his book a study in heroics. We discover that our biographers usually give us the facts. But perhaps we don't want the facts. Is it not possible that we of the reading public worship heroes because we have within us a deep-seated idealism that is never expressed? No man has come up to our ideals, and so we create one who does. We demand that the romantic writers give us that man in fiction.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

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## Briefer Mention

*The Creative East, by J. W. T. Mason. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.*

J. W. T. MASON, the author of Creative Freedom, produces here a discussion of the religious, aesthetic and utilitarian faculties of the peoples of India, China and Japan. It would be well for students of eastern developments in life and arts to examine thoroughly the foundations upon which the spirits of these three centres of oriental civilization have based their codes of aspiration and practice. Mr. Mason emphasizes the profoundly individualistic character of Indian Hinduism, shrouded from earthly values by the very intensity and exclusiveness of its spiritual life. In the Chinese chapters, he points out the worship of aesthetic principles, the worship of women as works of art rather than creatures of flesh and blood, with the history of China shown to be nothing more than a series of experiments in utilitarianism, partly completed and then indifferently discarded. His Japanese chapters reveal an absorptive nation adapting the religions, philosophies and arts to her own image, just as she would seize upon the utilitarian and materialistic ways of the western world and compete with it in international markets. This has resulted in a decree of the Mikado Hirohito in 1926, that calls upon his nation, after sixty years of foreign study and exploration, "to refrain from variety and imitation, and strive for solid character and originality."

*Revelations and Prayers of Saint Bridget of Sweden; translated from the Latin by Dom Ernest Graf, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers.*

THROUGHOUT the golden ages of modern Europe, the revelations and visions accorded to the Swedish princess who after her death became known as Saint Brigitta, were very popular and deeply appreciated. The mystical history of these revelations aroused the imaginations of the prayerful and were treasured for centuries by the widespread communities of her order of Saint Saviour. Dom Ernest Graf deplores the lack of a critical Swedish edition of Saint Brigitta's writings, due partly perhaps to the reticence of Swedish scholars in dealing with matters ecclesiastical, which at present are somewhat foreign to their prevailing methods of thought. It is unfortunate that the Anglo-German Benedictine and his publishers should adopt for the saint the name of Bridget, which for purposes of clearness might be left to her great patroness, the saint of Kildare.

*The Annuals of Flowerland, by Alice T. A. Quackenbush. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.*

IF THE suburbs have done little more, they have at least restored to light the immemorial truth that flowers and shrubs are an indispensable part of housekeeping. Unfortunately neither can take care of themselves. And that human knowledge of and interest in them may increase, a number of volumes have been written by canny folk. Among these Miss Quackenbush's attractive manual deserves a place of honor. She offers a classification that is at one and the same time botanical and popular. The less exotic blooms are arranged in groups of families, each separate member of which is described, individualized with the help of some interesting lore, and given a regimen appropriate in character. All is said so entertainingly and succinctly that a lover of flowers can do nothing better than purchase a copy.

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*Fra Angelico, by Wilhelm Hausenstein; translated by Agnes Blake. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $9.00.*

WE OWE to Vasari our information regarding Guido di Pietro da Mugello, whom the Church has acclaimed as the Blessed Angelico and whom all the world of art revers under the name of Fra Angelico. The valley of Mugello, stretching northward from Florence, witnessed the birth of this holy master about 1387, and it was there he seems to have spent his childhood in the modest home of his parents. When about seventeen years of age he entered the Dominican monastery in the mountain town of Fiesole. He died in Rome on February 18, 1455. He never altered a stroke in his painting, declared Vasari, having assumed that God had willed his first touch. He would not follow Moses and strike the rock twice, and in the glory of his prayers, penances and humility he lives a life today that speaks of immortality and heaven in the arts. His work is static, not progressive. Wilhelm Hausenstein declares: "Fra Angelico's work never descended to a mere idea: even his most etherial angels have substance. So that we now see how this peasant-born Frate, this illustrator of missals, this painter so sublimely imperturbable and non-progressive, so prayerful withal, nevertheless became an artist of the highest magnitude." This book is a work of interest vated summary of readings on the Italian renaissance. The and charm, not only as a study of pictorial art but as a culti-translation has been done in an excellent manner.

*Shrines of the Great in Europe, by Edwin Robert Petre. New York: The Funk and Wagnalls Company. $2.00.*

CHILDREN used to like a game called Authors, which consisted largely of identifying faces, more or less benevolently poetical, on cards. Their elders still enjoy visiting towns or houses in which the great were pleased to be born. Indeed, sometimes there is no other excuse for visiting a town or a house. Mr. Petre, who has traveled widely, caters to this trend of mind. The present neat little book is a compilation of cities and towns, with lists of the famous indigenous to each. Of course there are some errors—Heinrich Federer, for instance, was a novelist rather than a poet—and some curious preferences. But it will prove handy to many European travelers.

## CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR., is a member of the staff of the United States Daily.

ELIZABETH S. KITE is a specialist in historical research and the author of Beaumarchais and the War of American Independence.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL is the author of The Blossomy Bough, and several other books of verse, and the editor of Joyce Kilmer's anthology.

REV. GEORGE LACOMBE, of the archdiocese of San Francisco and l'Ecole de Chartres, is an authority on mediaeval manuscripts. He is the author of The Life and Work of Prepositinus.

REV. PAUL BUSSARD is a young priest recently appointed as an assistant at the Cathedral of St. Paul, St. Paul, Minnesota.

DOROTHY BENNETT, ISABEL VALLÉ and JESSIE D. CORRIGAN are new contributors to The Commonweal.

ELIZABETH CASE, a graduate of Wellesley College, is a contributor of poetry and articles to current magazines.

EDNA JUDSON WILDE is a contemporary American poet.

The late EDWARD H. PFEIFFER was one of the editors of the anthology of Current Catholic Verse (1925-1926).

EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK, dean of the graduate school of Marquette University, is the author of The Educational Views and Influences of De Witt Clinton, and other books.

PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL of Russia is the author of They Knew the Washingtons, and several other books of history and reminiscence.

JOSEPH J. REILLY, a member of the English department of Hunter College, New York City, is the author of Newman as a Man of Letters.

MARGERY MANSFIELD, formerly on the staff of Poetry, is a general critic of poetry and letters.

NICHOLAS DIETZ, JR., is a teacher of chemistry in Columbia University.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY is an Indiana poet and critic.

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